



Act 4. Fifth Scene 4^c Last.

King Sculp.



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King Sculp.

A M A S I S
KING of EGYPT.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Together with some
ADDITIONAL POEMS.

By CHARLES MARSH.

I, Fuge, sed Poteras tutior esse Domi. MART.

L O N D O N:

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СИГАМА

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Том I



TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
Princess of *W A L E S.*

M A D A M,

I T is with the utmost humility,
that I presume to lay the fol-
lowing scenes, at the feet of
your ROYAL HIGHNESS.

The greatest plea I can offer in excuse
for such a presumption, is, that they are
wholly *friendless*; and, tho' the world

DEDICATION.

may censure me of vanity, in addressing the productions of a muse entirely unknown, to so August a PRINCESS ; yet the most forcible argument I can make use of, on this occasion is, *that they stand in need of such a protection.* This TRAGEDY was offer'd to the manager of the *Theatre Royal* last winter ; but as I have not the honour of being known to persons of rank and distinction, I ingeniously confess'd it. Whether this was the inducing reason, why it was not accepted *there*, I cannot determine.

If it has the happiness of finding favour with your ROYAL HIGHNESS, that will exceed the applause of thousands. You are destin'd, MADAM, to be the joy of THREE NATIONS, and those transcendant qualities, so conspicuous in your ROYAL HIGHNESS, excite the admiration of all hearts.

That your ROYAL HIGHNESS and the PRINCE may long live, to enjoy

Below this line

each

DEDICATION.

each other, and perpetuate the blessings of peace and liberty to the *English* nation, is the earnest prayer, of

M A D A M,

Your Royal Highness's

Most faithful,

Most humble, and

Devoted Servant,

CHARLES MARSH.



T O

Mr. S O U T H E R N.

Uknown to fame, the *muse* presents her song
 To you, whose notes have charm'd the world so long :
 If you approve, she'll not the censure fear
 Of those, whose judgment ever she'll revere,
 The candid, and the learn'd ; but shou'd you frown,
 In uncomplaining silence she'll lay down
 Her vain pretensions to a laurel crown. }
 Hail, Sir ! — you wrote in an *Augustan* age,
 When *farce* durst not appear upon the *stage* :
 E'er *pantomime* cou'd rear its mimic head,
 Or *French buffoon'ries* did the land o'erspread.
 An *English* audience then was pleas'd with sense,
 And nature, well describ'd, was eloquence.
 There was no need of *Harlequin* to charm ;
 Your glowing lines then kept the hearers arm.
Lee, Dryden, Otway, Congreve, You, and Rowe,
 Cou'd melt the heart, and bid the tear to flow.

With

With silent wonder the rapt audience sat,
 And mourn'd (a) *Almeyda's* and (b) *Monimia's*
 fate;
 Wept at (c) *Imoinda's* and (d) *Galista's* grief,
 And pleas'd beheld (e) *Almeria's* just relief.
 To purge the passions, take the dross away,
 And make th' unruly appetites obey
 Our godlike reason, was the chief design
 Of *Greece* and *Athens*, for the tragic line
 Is truly noble, when it tends to raise
 The soul to *virtue*; then it merits praise.

(a) *Don Sebastian.*

(b) *Orphan.*

(c) *Oroonoko.*

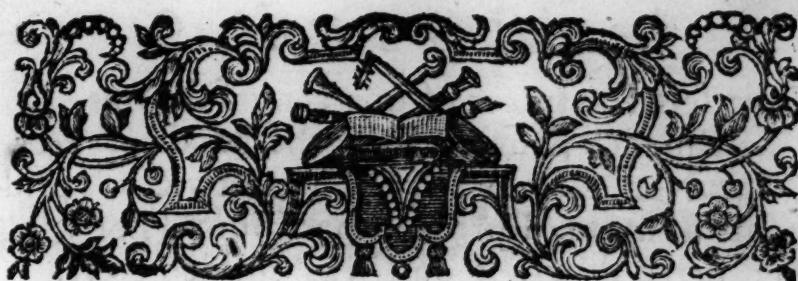
(d) *Fair Penitent.*

(e) *Mourning Bride.*



Persons

Persons Represented.**M E N.****AMASIS, King of Egypt.****PSAMMENITUS the Prince.****MARDIAN, a Bastard, Nephew to the King.****ARBACES, a discontented Nobleman.****PHANES } two Courtiers.****SETHON } two Officers in the Egyptian****ARMENON } Army.****A Ruffian.****W O M E N.****MIRIANA, } a young Lady, secretly married to****the Prince.****IRAS, her Attendant.****Guards, &c.****S C E N E Memphis in old Egypt.**



AMASIS KING of EGYPT.



ACT I. SCENE I.

The royal palace at Memphis.

Enter Phanes and Sethon.

PHANES.

ONCE more, my friend, Egypt's intrepid sons
Exert the valor of their great forefathers,
And prove themselves descendants of the Gods.

Again the genius of our Land revives,
Lifting her head victorious o'er our foes ;
The hardy *Libyan*, and the jetty *Ethiop*,

B

Have

Have felt the terror of our vengeful arms,
Like thunder pouring from the hands of *Jove*.

Seth. Nor shall the *Persian*, with a victor's pride,
Insult us more; Fortune, that plum'd her wings,
And perch'd herself on *Cyrus'* golden crest,
With double welcome, since that hero's death,
Returns to *Amasis*, the first of kings.—

Psammenitus has of the enemy
Left twice ten thousand for a prey to Vultures.

Pha. Their deity, the ever-glorious sun,
Henceforth shall, blushing, veil his sacred head,
Nor view the less'ning glory of his vot'ries.
To day the prince, with living lawrel crown'd,
Comes to receive, from his illustrious sire,
The welcome due to such a god-like son.

Seth. He does, my friend, yet, tho' the noble
youth

Has ever trod in the bright paths of honour,
His father's heart seems from him quite estrang'd;
His fond, paternal love, has had its date,
And, in its room, inglorious passions reign.

Pha. *Psammenitus* had once his father's soul;
He liv'd not, but in gazing on the boy!—
When, from the war, triumphant he has come,
In his fond arms

He'd, with the extacy of lovers, clasp him;
Hear him describe the dangers he had 'scap'd,
The glorious toils and hazards of the war,
And dwell, with pleasure, on his honour'd scars.
Then—in a rapture would he bless the gods
Who gave him such a hero in a son.

Seth. But, as infirmity belongs to man,
So the most perfect sometimes blindly tread
The maze of error.

Pha.

Pha. The gods place kings as their vicegerents here ;
And bid them rule, their proxies for this world ;
Nor can they ever delegate the trust
Of sacred empire in a worthier hand :
He is a prince whom heav'n must highly favour,
Most merciful, beneficent, and good.
Before his throne the poor ne'er kneel'd in vain ;
Th' oppressed orphans, and the widows tears,
He wipes away, and glads with fit awards,
Holding with equal poise, the scales of justice.

Seth. True, *Phanes*, he is all that's great and royal !

Yet, shall I speak ? there is that stains his glory,
That bows the hero, and subdues his soul :
Caught in the snare of beauty ; tho' he struggles
Like a hurt lion taken in the toils,
Still the transcendent charms of *Miriana*,
Superior, even to the voice of honour,
Hold him in secret chains, twine round his heart,
And of a monarch make a doating slave ;
Else, had his tow'ring virtue reach'd the skies,
And claim'd its kindred to divinity.

Pha. *Sethon*, observe the envy of their stars ;
The prince too doats on this illustrious charmer,
And basks him in the sunshine of her smiles !
Father and son ! both in her snares are caught ;
Both wear the chains of this imperial beauty.

Seth. Sure, by the haughty stride, that shou'd
be *Mardian*,
The nephew of the king—he moves this way,
Busied in gloomy thought.—I know not why,
His presence irks my sight—within his mind

The latent seeds of hot ambition lye,
And make him to a throne a dang'rous kinsman.
Let us avoid him, *Phanes*. Honest eyes
But ill can brook to meet dissimulation. [Exeunt.



SCENE II.

Mardian alone.

With victory return'd!—the *Perians* beat!—
And does he here in triumph wing his way?—
He does—he comes—swell'd with his full-blown
honours.

Curse on the star that lights him thus to glory!—
This prince—the young *Psammenitus*, this fav'rite
Of those who rule above.—But to my peace
A mortal foe;—the bane of my ambition.
He's now the soldier's idol, *Egypt*'s hope;
What then am I?—do not these veins contain
The same rich blood that circles in the king's?
Tho' but a bastard scion of his stem:
Tho' mark'd with infamy, and quite despoil'd
Of that inherent right, which infant nature,
In her first, uncorrupted state, allow'd
To all: yet the ethereal energy,
The actuating principle that moves
The soul to god-like acts—that thirst of sway
Which was implanted in me at my birth,
Has not forsook me. No. I feel the heat,
The particle divine; it rages in me,
And only boundless greatness can appease it!

SCENE

A M A S I S.

7

S C E N E III.

Mardian, Arbaces.

Mar. Well, my *Arbaces*.—Is the prince arriv'd?

Arb. He's now, my lord, amid'st th' acclaiming croud,

Ent'ring, in martial pomp, our *Memphis* streets.

The swarming populace, so closely presf,

They choak the passage of the victor's car.

Mard. And wherefore do you shun this happy
fight?

Which all men's eyes are greedy to behold!

Arb. Let the unthinking herd, with lavish
praise

Adore their minion, and engrofs his smiles:

I cannot meanly fawn, nor bend the knee,

When the essential part, my heart, is absent.

But, I have said enough—perhaps—too much.

Mard. Nay—on:—

By great *Ossyris*, I'm already charm'd!

The prince—

Arb. Grows deadly—

Mard. To your hopes and mine.—

Arb. Mine he has kill'd already.—

Mard. Speak your grief—

Sorrows imparted to a tender friend,

At leaft are lessen'd, if not quite redref's'd.

Arb. 'Tis needless to inform you of the hatred

Which, from our infancy, has still been nurs'd

'Twixt me and *Phocias*—my detested rival;

Suffice

A M A S I S.

Suffice it now to say—*Mandane's* lost !
By prince *Psammenitus'* despotic will
Bestow'd, on this curst fav'rite, this new minion !
Her vows, that once were mine, by him are
claim'd;

He clasps her now—while to his glowing breast
The beauteous maid yields all that hoard of joys
Which I had fondly treasur'd up as mine :
And shall I tamely bear it, sit down calmly,
And 'bide with patience under such an injury ?
No—I disclaim all loyalty and love ;
Irrevocable hate—revenge, and spight,
Come to my aid :—henceforth posseſs my soul,
That I may throw with treble retribution,
On the offender's head—this mortal pang !

Mard. There spoke indeed the man—here let
us join ;

Like two bold hunters, we'll unite our toils,
Nor shall the lion, or the whelp escape.

Arb. I am your creature, ever, my good lord ;
Your father, my late royal master, rais'd me :
To you devoted, my remains of life,
From this fixt *Æra*, shall be wholly yours.
Propose the means—I have a heart and hand
Shall never stop, while there's revenge in view.

Mard. Hear then ; the prince, presuming on a
friendship

Has long been kept inviolate betwixt us,
Left to my charge, *Aulete's* beauteous daughter,
Adjuring me to keep her from the eyes
Of the enamour'd king : he trusts me too,
Calls me his friend, and hugs me in his bosom ;
Thinking the favours he has lavish'd on me,

Are

A M A S I S.

Are ample recompence for loss of empire.
Thus have I means to ruin both at once,
Yet neither think me false.—

Arb. Still may they sleep—
Still lull themselves in their own fancy'd safety,
Till th' unseen hand of fate shall draw the curtain,
And waiting ruin shall devour them both.
But, *Mardian*, say, how did the king relapse?
'Twas said, he had resign'd her to his son.

Mard. One day, 'twas when the sun was
mounted high,
And, from his zenith, shot his fervid rays
With his meridian strength—the love-sick maid,
T'avoid the heat, had gain'd a jess'mine bow'r:
The springing flow'rs (the emblem of her beauty)
Seem to rejoice at such a charming guest!
Pensive she sat upon a verdant seat,
Her languid head reclin'd upon her hand;
Her robes were by officious zephyrs fann'd,
And gently blown aside: when, to the view,
Her bosom rose, lifted by heaving sighs;
Her warmest wishes then were sent abroad,
And made her cheeks with deep vermillion glow:
All that the poets fable of their *Venus*,
Ev'n when the raptur'd fancy highest soars,
Comes short of what she seem'd! the am'rous
monarch,
As fortune led his steps, came by that way;
Struck with th' enchanting sight—speechless
he gaz'd,
Devouring with his eyes that world of beauty!
As he approach'd her—the affrighted maid
Precipitately fled—like a young bounding roe,
That

That scuds it o'er the lawns to 'scape the hunter;
So did she fly confus'd—and left the king
Plung'd o'er—quite lost in the vast gulph of love.

Arb. How will his warring passions tear his soul,
When he beholds the young victorious prince
Claiming his sacred promise—

Mard. True, *Arbaces*—

Already he begins to curse his birth,
Wishes he could behold him a dead coarse,
Stretch'd at his feet, rather than thus triumphant.
That self-tormenting scorpion, jealousy,
Preys on his vitals, and devours his heart,
Deforming the great image of the gods.
Yet let the impending storm break where it will,
Still it must make for us—while we, secure,
Watching the moment, when their genii nod
Will catch them then, and drag them to per-
dition.

But I must hence, by this the king expects me,
With well-disembl'd duty will I meet him.
Who covers deep designs, shou'd have the art,
To make the face look different from the heart.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

A private apartment in the palace. Miriana is discovered fitting in a melancholly posture. Iras attending. Soft musick.

After the musick, she rises and speaks.

Mir. In vain these soothing sounds of joy
salute me;

In vain does musick lend its sprightly aid !
All powerful harmony, that can asswage,
And calm the sorrows of the frenzy'd wretch,
Till lull'd with thy enchanting, grateful numbers,
He throws quite off the burthen that oppres'd
him.

On me thy force is lost. Insensible to joy,
Mourning and discontent sit heavy on me.

Iras. Still, still, my royal mistress, will you
cherish
This pining anguish, that destroys your peace,
And preys upon your life ? desponding looks,
And eyes that stream with tears, are fit companions
For mis'ry and despair—

Mir. This is their mansion :
Here, in this heart, they've ta'en up their abode,
And, oh, I fear, will dwell with me for ever.
What is't to me, this splendid pomp of woe,
This pageantry of greatness, that but swells
And more augments my grief ? princess of Egypt !
And yet I am forelorn—distrest and sorrow

Are rooted in my soul.

Iras. Why should they dwell
Where innocence and goodness sit inthron'd
In all their native lustre?—let me beg you—

Mir. What would'st thou say! have I the joy
of brides?

Have these desiring eyes beheld their lord,
Ev'n from that moment, when the holy priest
Pronounc'd us one?

Iras. Not seen him since you wedded?—

Mir. Scarce was the holy ceremony ended,
When the harsh trumpet call'd him to the field.
'Twas on that morning, when the king com-
manded

Psammenitus, as general, should succeed
My warlike father, privately he came
To take his farewell, e'er he went to battle.
Gods! what divinity then shone around him!
How did he look! majestick, all commanding,
Awful as *Mars*!—yet, love had kindly mixt,
And blended in his mien, the soothing sweetnes
Of the fair *Cyprian* queen. With sighs and vows,
With all the tender eloquence of love,
He begg'd me to reward his faithful flame,
That he might call me his—however fortune
dispos'd of him in fight—

Iras. You yielded then—

Mir. Could I refuse, there to bestow my hand,
Where my fond heart already had summ'd up
All that the bounty of the gods could give?
The woman's niceness had been then in vain:
That hour united us—the sacred rites
In secret were perform'd, and I was rais'd

To

To the illustrious rank of *Egypt's* princess.

Iras. Why then these tears?—pardon your faithful slave,
Psammenitus is noble—

Mir. Oh, he's god-like!—
Heav'n form'd him sure, a pattern for mankind;
The pride of his own sex, and wish of ours!
Yes, I were blest, did not the faithless king,
In violation of his royal promise,
Still persecute me with his guilty passion:
In this retreat, where I have chose with thee
To live reclus'd, and hidden from the world,
To mourn the irksome absence of my husband;
Each day he comes, and haunts me with his love;
Thinking to charm me with the pompous
sounds

Of grandeur, power, and all that can invite,
Or elevate the thoughts of the ambitious:
But, 'tis in vain; for heav'n that sees the soul,
And knows the secret springs of all our actions,
Must bear me witness, 'twas the virtues only
Of my *Psammenitus* that gain'd my love.
Well cou'd I bear disgrace and poverty,
The loss of what the fortunate call blessings,
Riches and honour, all the golden train
That wait obsequious on the proud and great:
I could forego it all for him—for him
Whom I have chose the partner of my heart,
Thro' all the various scenes that chequer life.

Iras. The gods, who're ever friendly to the
virtuous,
Will yet point out some way to make you happy:
Each moment brings *Psammenitus* still nearer;

His presence will disperse the beating surges
That, gathering to a storm, now vex your peace,
And bring you to the haven of repose.

Mir. Methinks, indeed, the mention of that
name

Shou'd make my heart exult and bound with
transport;

But yet this gloom that hangs upon my soul,
This inward something, not to be express'd,
Checks all my rising raptures, damps each thought
That tends to joy—Oh, thou resplendent goddess !
Thou chaste *Diana*, that protects thy votaries,
To whom my virgin vows were ever paid !
Why did I leave your safe and flow'ry paths,
Where peace of mind and sweet contentment
dwell,

To tread the thorny labyrinths of love ?

Iras. Trust still in heaven, the victorious prince
May find some moment to disclose your marriage ;
And *Amasis*, returning yet to virtue,
Shall heap paternal blessings, in reward
For all the hero's suff'rings.

Mir. Ye blest pow'rs !
Extinguish in his breast this fatal flame,
And bring him back to honour—Ha ! he's here !
Down rising thoughts—descend e'en to the centre ;
That I may put a foreign 'semblance on,
Lest his too piercing eyes pervade, and search
The secrets of my soul.

SCENE



SCENE V.

Amasis, Miriana, Mardian, Iras.

Ama. Mardian, no more!—I tell thee, I have
try'd

The utmost strength of vain philosophy,
The moral reas'nings of the wisest sages,
All that the schools of *Athens* ever taught:
What are they, when oppos'd to beauty's pow'r?
Her lov'd idea's blended with my soul;
And what shall raze it thence? sooner the *Nile*,
When, with impetuous force, he breaks his
banks,
And in his dreadful march bears all before him,
Shall be turn'd backward by this single hand!

Mir. Be still my heart, what mean thy dread
alarms. [aside.]

Ama. Hail *Miriana*? hail angelick maid!
How shall I speak, how tell thy wond'rous worth?
With lavish hands the gods have shour'd on thee
Their choicest gifts, form'd thee divinely fair,
And mark'd thee out for their peculiar fav'rite.
Behold, I lay my sceptre at your feet,
Thou'rt *Egypt*'s queen—Nay, start not *Miriana*,
Nor think this a short sally of wild transport;
Thy virtues add a brightness to my throne,
And make its glories blaze with greater splendor.

Mir. My lord!—

Ama. Why dost thou, blushing, turn away
Thy eyes?—let the ill-judging world repine,
And

And envy thy superior excellence.

You merit more, my fair, than can this globe,
With all its pompous honours, e'er bestow.

Mir. Strive not, great sir, to ruin my repose ;
My humble fate ne'er meant me for a crown ;
Nor did my soul e'er swell with such ambition ;
I am unworthy of your least regard.

Ama. Unworthy ! where then shall we find
perfection ?

The characters of heav'n are fairly wrote
On thy bright form ! the purity of angels !
Most steadfast truth, and never-ending joys !
Blest peace, with its fair train of happiness !
All—all, are found in thee !

Mir. My worth's so small,
That this exaggerating praise upbraids me ;
And spreads this crimson o'er my glowing cheeks.
Survey, my lord, the thousand various beauties
That shine in *Asia* ; and then fix your choice
On some illustrious maid, whose thirst for rule,
And parity of birth, may dignify,
And to a diadem add lasting honours.
The shining glories of a crown wou'd fade,
And lose their lustre, were it plac'd on me.
Wou'd heav'n but be indulgent, prove propitious,
All that I ask, is blest serenity :
In peaceful solitude to pass my days,
Obscure, and unregarded ; not to raise
A pile (from flatt'ring man), of momentary
praise.

S C E N E VI.

Amasis, Mardian.

Ama. Confusion ! to my face am I despis'd ?
Have I, whose stubborn soul yet never knew
To cringe and bend, have I descended thus,
To be refus'd ?—perdition blast her beauties.

Mard. How thin are the disguises we put on,
To hide th' impassion'd frailties of our souls !
When the prince comes, in other terms she'll
speak,

Unfold to him the language of the heart.

Ama. Ha !—thou hast read aright the subtle
maid.

On me, she turns an eye of fierce disdain,
But, to another, gives her very soul.
Another ! who ?—who durst aspire so high,
Or e'en in thought presume to rival me ?
My son ! hence, struggling nature, all thy calls
Are lost, in the wild tempest of my passion :
Psammenitus, thou art disclaim'd for ever.
Thou innate enemy to my repose !

[*shouts at a distance.*]

Mard. These shouts proclaim him at the
palace gates.

Arbaces, sure, will mark the lucky moment. [*aside.*]

Ama. Comes he in triumph too ? ambitious
boy !

That, like an unfledg'd eagle, longs to soar,
E'er his young pinions can sustain his weight.

S C E N E



S C E N E VII.

Amafis, Mardian, Arbaces.

Ama. *Arbaces!* — Well! —

Arb. Hail to your majesty! —

Psammenitus, with solemn pomp, is come.
Adorn'd with all the ensigns of a conq'r'or;
Borne at the head of his exulting soldiers,
Who rob the palm and olive of their branches,
To strew the way, and make our streets a grove.
Applauding *Memphis* grateful greets his presence.
Next to his car, in glitt'ring fetters bound,
Ten captives (in whose veins the richest blood
Of *Persia* runs) in abject state are seen.
Th' admiring croud, gaze 'till the beamy orbs
Of sight are almost crack'd; shouts rend the air,
As when great *Isis*, thro' the *Aether* pours
Tremendous peals of thunder.

Ama. Have you done?
Or mean you to fall down and worship this new
God?
This idol of the changing populace!
In love, and war, superior far to me.—
But I will be my self—exert the king;
And put on all my majesty to meet him.

[*Exit Amasis.*

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

Mardian, Arbaces.

Mar. So—thus far all goes well—now let it work!

This double jealousy of love and pow'r,
Either of which would set a world in flames,
Must in destruction end! —

Arb. Mark'd you his front?

The hostile frown, that on his visage sat,
Declar'd the fury which he felt within.

Mard. It did. But e'er to-morrow's sun shall set,
That fury shall burst forth, like those eruptions
Which *Ætna*, or *Vesuvious* vomit out,
And scatter death and ruin, where it flies.
What! tho' my father, without priestly form,
Infus'd his god-like soul into my mother;
And I am but the produce of stoll'n joys,
When vigorous nature prompted them to love!
My spirit!—that aspiring heavenly spark!
Struck out from *Jove* to lighten up this clay,
Wou'd soar aloft—beyond the vulgar ken!
In her imperial seat look down on men,
As the strong eagle mounts, and scorns the }
distant wren.

End of the first Act.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

An antichamber.

Psammenitus, Cephrenus, Armenon.

Psammenitus.

Mortal *Iris*, and thou great *Osiris*,
Accept, ye tutelary gods of *Egypt*,
As incense, these our tributary thanks!
At length destruction ceases. Mur-
d'rous war

Has glutted quite its fell companion death,
Nor shall he more, with undistinguish'd rage
Sweep to one common grave the great and
vulgar.

O, my brave friends ! partakers of my dangers ;
How shall I testify the grateful sense
My soul conceives of such exalted worth ?
But kings, like gods, diffusive of their blessings,
When merit claims, with open hands reward ;
My father then, great *Amasis*, shall thank you.

Ceph. 'Tis to *Psammenitus* we owe our conquest :
The exemplary valour of our prince
Chear'd the desponding soldier, gave new ardor,
And kindled in his soul a thirst for glory.

Arm.

Arm. Who wou'd not follow where his gen'ral
leads ?

Shou'd death, with all his gasty train, appear
To stop the passage, such illustrious courage
Wou'd sure inspire e'en sloth and cowardice,
And teach them to be daring.

Psam. Soft, my friends.

Flatt'ry but ill becomes a soldier's mouth ;
Leave we the practise of those meaner arts
To smooth-tongue statesmen, and betraying
courtiers.



S C E N E II.

Pfammenitus, Mardian, Cephrenus, Armenon.

Psam. My friend ! my *Mardian* ! my soul's
other part !

The sight of thee must surely be auspicious ;
To meet my friend the moment I arrive
Foretels the happiness that heav'n designs me.

Mard. Here let me kneel—here, by the great
Osiris,

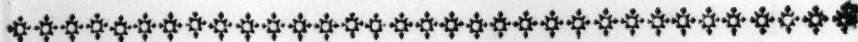
Swear faith, and friendship, to my princely
kinsman :

The joy to see you thus with vict'ry crown'd,
Exceeds the pow'r of speech.

Psam. Let this—and this— [embracing.]

Witness, how I esteem and love such virtue.
But see, the door unfolds, duty be first obey'd,
Then, love and *Miriana* wholly claim me.

I



S C E N E III.

Opens and discovers Amasis on his throne. Psammenitus, Mardian, Arbaces, Cephrenus, Armenon, Phanes, Sethon, and attendants. The prince bows to the king at a distance.

Ama. Psammenitus, your conquest, wing'd by fame,

Has reach'd our ears: with wonder we observe,
Where-e'er you pass, the idolizing croud
Behold you as their guardian deity,
Stile you invincible, their great protector:
The pillar that supports our royal fabrick,
Which else wou'd fall, and moulder into ruin.

Psam. If I have any virtue, if kind heav'n
Has blest with victory my youthful arms,
And crown'd me with the spoils of prostrate foes,
'Tis all my father's: in his glorious cause
Still shall my sword be drawn, my blood be shed.
You fir'd my breast with emulating ardor,
Train'd me to martial acts, taught me, when

young,
To bend the stubborn bow, and hurl the javelin;
Early you plac'd me in the foremost rank,
And bid me, in the fury of the fight,
Maintain that post, or die.

Ama. But now, my hero,
You bear the palm from all competitors.
My glories disappear, when thou'rt in fight:
As the feint twylight of the glimm'ring morn

SCENE

Is

Is lost amid the blaze of fuller day.

Psam. If e'er my soul was fond of vain applause,
Or swell'd with praises from th' unthinking vulgar,

Usurp'd an honour from my royal sire ;
Judge me, ye gods ! and let me sink before him :
For you, my king and father, have I fought ;
For you I conquer'd.

Ama. For yourself you triumph'd ;
Elated with your conquest, you forget
Your duty to your king—Ungrateful boy !
You, like young *Jove* on *Ida*'s airy top,
Attract the eyes of the admiring throng,
Whilst I, like *Saturn*, am left quite regardless,
Deserted, and forlorn.

Psam. Oh, sacred sir, [kneeling.]
Thus at your feet I bend and lay my lawrels.
Let me not rise, ye all avenging powers !
Transfix me here your monument of wrath !
On me, prove all your thunder, if a thought
E'er rose within me, but of utmost rev'rence,
And dutious veneration for my father.
Some busy villain, some unknown, curst traitor,
Has sure traduc'd me to the royal ear.
Oh ! that my sword cou'd find him, that shou'd
prove

The filial piety of wrong'd *Psammenitus*.

Ama. Prince, this bold license of presuming
youth,
But more offends us. In our presence this ?—
By *Jove*, if I not rouse me, this proud boy,
E'er long, will strip me of my majesty !—

Of all my honours, and quite leave me bare,
 The blank of royalty !—why, with what pomp
 Did our *Egyptians* meet him as he pass'd !
 Proclaim'd him their deliverer !—to the skies
 Ten thousand voices, all at once, arose,
 With adulating sounds, to mouth his praises !
 As he had been *Alcides*, or the god
 Who guides the fiery car, great *Mars* himself !

Psam. Where shall the innocent now fly for
 shelter ?

Since in the royal breast there is no justice !
 Oh king ! oh father ! by those sacred names
 I beg you take—take from this wretched prince
 His hated life—since I no more behold
 The dear paternal smiles that wont to bless me ;
 Since I offend you, cut me from the earth :
 Are these the triumphs of *Psammenitus* ?
 Oh ! fatal conquest ! mournful victory !
 Fame, glory, empire, all th' aspiring hopes,
 The blooming pleasures that shou'd crown my
 youth,
 Are blasted quite ! my lawrels all are wither'd !
 Nor shall the prince of *Egypt* wear 'em more.

Ama. Woud'st thou acquit thee of the imput-
 ation,
 And prove th' obedience which you so much
 boast,
 Be this the test, the touchstone of thy duty.
 Resign the rich, th' inestimable gem,
 The treasure my fond soul has long desir'd :
 For, mark me prince, I'd reign too in my turn.
 Fair *Miriana* is the crown I prize ;
 To her lift not up thy forbidden eyes.

Her

Her smile is fame, ambition, and renown,
Nor can an empire gain'd, compensate for her
frown. *[Exit. Amasis and attendants.*



S C E N E IV.

Psammenitus, Mardian.

Psam. Am I awake? or is't a vision all?—
Oh, *Mardian*, aid me, help me to support
The thoughts that war within, and tear my
brain.

Resign her! give her up! forsake my love!
Oh tyrant duty! what dost thou demand?
Can it then be? and is the sacred word
Of kings, no more than blasts of common air?
If so, all truth is banish'd from the earth:
Back to her native sky she has retir'd,
And only stern oppression reigns below.

Mard. Think not so deeply on't, my lord;
'twas but
A whirl, perhaps a sudden gust of passion,
Which reason, the next moment, may o'er rule.

Psam. Not think on't!—do I think?—do I,
or live,
Or speak?—or am I stunn'd, quite senseless grown,
Crush'd with the mortal weight that's thrown
upon me?

Ah!—wou'd I were!—these pangs—the agonies,
The piercing throes of soul I now endure,
Would then be over!—but, while thought remains,
While the imagination still presents

Such

Such images, my woes will make me feel 'em.

Mard. To see you thus, my prince, is death
to *Mardian*.

Compose yourself—the king, you know, is god-
like.

Good, to a vast profusion ; he extends
His justice to the meanest of his slaves ;
What then is owing to *Psammenitus* ?

Psam. The king !—where is he ? why hast
thou disturb'd me ! [starting.]

I wou'd have dos'd out life—you wake my
mem'ry,

And bring me back again to sense and pain !—
Has he not us'd a brutal violence ?—

Perhaps compell'd her ?—drag'd her to his bed ?
Methinks my busy soul now forms the scene :

I see him now, th' imperial lawless tyrant ;
Oh royal ruffian ! in her ambient hair
His hand fast lockt, he grasps my helpless love ;
With strong convulsive pangs, in vain she strives,
In vain on me she calls—help—help, *Psammenitus* :

Your wife—your virgin-bride, is quite despoil'd !
He, who shou'd guard her innocence, has stain'd it !

Undone !—abandon'd !—ruin'd, and forlorn !—
Oh, I can bear no more ; my brain will burst !

My veins, my heart, my arteries, are on fire !
Gods ! give me madness to allay the torture !—

Mard. His wife ! blest chance ! I shall im-
prove that secret. [aside.]

Forbear, my prince—what means these exclama-
tions ?

The princess, arm'd with virtue, is secure ;
Heav'n still protects its constant votaries.

Psam.

Psam. Whence these presages? these unwonted shudd'rings?

Such bodings are not fancies imag'ries: A more than woman's fear invades my heart. Remember, *Mardian*, to your care I gave her; Charg'd you to keep her from my father's fight. If thou hast dar'd to break the laws of friendship, And laid her beauties as a snare to catch him, Think on the horrors that await thy crime! Spectres shall haunt and fright thy guilty soul, And make thee curse thy being, curse the light! Blaspheme the gods; and pull perdition down Swift on thy traytor's head! Nay, when thou shalt descend to those dark regions,

Where howling fiends are held in penal chains, And mix thee with the manes of the damn'd, E'en there thou shalt be branded for thy sin; Since none can equal thy stupendous vileness!

Mard. Is this the due return my foolish love Has merited?—to stand suspected thus! But 'tis most just—henceforth I shall be wary How I contract a friendship with th' ungrateful.

Psam. Stay, *Mardian*, stay—I yet would think thee honest: Our infant years were spent in love together; Our sympathising souls were still united; Have we not been the mirror to each other, Whose bright reflection has expos'd to view, The most minute conceptions of our hearts?

Mard. It grieves me, that my prince should have a doubt

Of *Mardian's* firm, unalterable faith.

Psam. I'll think no more on't—it brings chaos
o'er me.

To love and *Miriana* will I fly ;
To extacies too fierce to be describ'd !
There will I lose this sorrow that surrounds me,
And, like blest martyrs, broken with their suf-
frings,

Retire to heav'n, and to eternal rest. [Exit.



S C E N E V.

Mardian.

Mard. And, if to sleep thou goest—be it eter-
nal !

Perdition on thy head!—thou honest fool !
Think'st thou, the wise, like thee—lay bare
their souls

To ev'ry new protester?—oh what easy dolts
These knotty hero's are!—a vow of friendship,
A formal face, and looks of seeming honesty
Catch the unthinking wretches in a moment.
Repose in me!—ha—ha—dream on, be lull'd !
Nor feel the bosom'd snake, till it has stung you.
Marry'd he is.—The secret too is mine,
Doubt not, but I'll employ it to advantage.

S C E N E



S C E N E VI.

Mardian, Arbaces.

Arb. A more than usual gladness smooths
your brow ;
And I may think, with reason, you are pleas'd
At something unexpected.

Mard. Wou'd you think it ?—
This hot brain'd hero—this young am'rous fool
Has sacrificed his fame, his idol, glory ;
All his whole hoard of honour, to a woman.
True, she is fair, the fairest of her sex !
But to pronounce him wretched all at once,
He's wedded !

Arb. Wedded ! ha !—to *Miriana* !—
May pestilential blasts—contagious fogs,
Damper than e'er obscur'd the face of day,
For ever quench their hymeneal torch.—

Mard. Most glorious thought ! 'twill be a
master-piece !
Yes—'twill be vengeance rising to my hatred !
What, if at night, when fond *Psammenitus*
Expects to sate his soul with full fruition
Of yet untaasted bliss, we then cou'd substitute
King *Amasis* ?—send him to fill those arms ?
Which yet, no doubt, are strangers to 'em both.

Arb. Wide-spreading ruin—misery, refin'd
Beyond the practise of malicious demons,
Must be the consequence. The vast idea
Swells me to more than mortal—great revenge,

That cries so loud within me, thy demands
Shall all be answer'd!—yes, *Psammenitus*,
Like mine, thy heart shall know most deep
despair;

The pang that follows disappointed love:
Still doat like me, and be a wretch for ever.

Mard. Have you yet heard, *Arbaces*, of the
fate

Of those brave *Persians*, whom the chance of war
Made captives to the prince?

Arb. In a close dungeon,
Whose horrid womb the emblem seems of hell,
Loaded with gauling chains, they mourn their
fate.

Nitas, who keeps them, is my well-try'd friend.
'Tis true, he dresses up his face in smiles;
Yet well I know, upon a late affront
The king has offer'd him, within his breast
His anger smother'd lies; and only waits
A season that may help him to discharge it.

Mard. 'Tis well—we'll shape the time, my
friend, like *Jove*,
When he made fate, and said, thus shall it be.
The king! no more—we now must mask our
souls.

SCENE



SCENE VII.

Amasis, Mardian, Arbaces, Sethon, Phanes,
and attendants.

Ama. Bid *Nitas* lead the captives forth to death.

The *Persian* oft' has lavish'd, in his rage,
The blood of my best subjects—But revenge
Shall now be mine; her hundred iron whips
Shall all be brandish'd, and my foes shall feel me:
Of the rich purple stream that flows from them,
I'll make libation to the injur'd manes
Of those brave friends; who, fighting by my side,
Have strew'd the fields with heaps of mangl'd
limbs,
And fill'd the air with peals of dying groans.

Mard. Ha! goes it there?—I must prevent
their deaths,
Or all our schemes are impotent and fruitless.

[aside to Arbaces.]

Your majesty will not prophane this day;
This sacred jubile of general mirth:
When *Egypt* reaps the harvest of her vict'ry,
And all her sons, with jocund revelings,
Enjoy the pleasures that attend on conquerors.
The soldiers now, in wantonness and ease,
Devote themselves to *Bacchus*—all their tents
Are spread with garlands; each one tells his
fellow,
The number of the slain his arm has fell'd.

With

With lawrel now they wreath their houſhould
gods,

Whole preſence heightens and improves their
transports,

And more extends the conſort of their joy !

Pardon me, ſacred ſir ! — but blood, methinks,
Shou'd not diſcolour this day's happy whitenefs.

Ama. To-morrow then they die.—*Phanes and
Sethon*

Haste, and protract their doom. This day, indeed,

[*Exeunt Phanes and Sethon.*]

Has giv'n me back part of that maſs of glory
Which changing fortune lately rifl'd from me.

Methinks, I now again appear as great,
As when with *Apries*, I for empire ſtruggl'd :
Long did the goddess yicſ'ry, doubtful stand,
At length ſhe plac'd herſelf upon my brow ;
Smiling, ſhe came, pleas'd to be ſeated there,
And bid my budding honours ever flouriſh.

Mard. Where ſlept my father's genius at
that hour ?

But I muſt ſpeak a language that becomes me ;
The courtier fawns—then, when he means to
ruin. [aside.]

Our *Eastern* world knows not a greater emperor ;
Provincial lords, and tributary kings,
Shall bending come, and bow before your foot-
ſtool.

Make you the arbitrator of their quarrels,
And shield them from their enemies hostile force,
Beneath the spreading shelter of your power.

Arb. The god, who rules the day, in all his
travels,

Sees

Sees not a happier monarch ! so belov'd !
Your subjects, ev'ry moment, send to heav'n
Their pray'rs for your success : in ev'ry heart
You reign unrivall'd—nor was *Cyrus* more
The darling of the skies !—

Ama. Cease, cease, this flatt'ry !
'Tis a mean, vicious habit those contract,
Who hide the settl'd purpose of their souls
Under its smooth and glitt'ring ornaments,
As they disdain'd the honest company
Of plain and native truth.—I shou'd be happy,
Above the wishes of desiring mortals ;
Beyond the golden visions of elysium,
Did lovely *Miriana* on me smile,
Or cast a soft'ning look on my despair !
Honour and pow'r, like empty, gaudy trifles,
For her I'd quit, and think the barter gain.
But she, with eyes severe, and down-cast mien,
Tells me, ambition never was her choice ;
A crown, to her, brings no sincere delight ;
She seeks content in a more humble lot.

Mard. Yet time, my liege, may make her
less averse.

Who knows not, there are moments, when that
sex

Throw off th' affected pride, and forc'd constraint,
That keep 'em from consenting to be happy.

Ama. It shall be so—no obstacle shall
stop me ;
Not all the subtleties, the labour'd arts,
The feints that her whole sex devise to
shun us,

Shall

Shall bar me from those joys I mean to prove,
 When, towards mine, her beating breast shall
 move,
 And her whole soul shall give a loose to love.

Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Miriana's *apartment.*

Psammenitus, Miriana.

Psam. This, *Miriana*, is, indeed, reward
 For all the perils that attend on war ;
 Ample as vast ambition e'er could wish !
 To reign supremely here within thy heart,
 Is far more glorious than anointed pow'r !
 Then let my father take it all ; this world,
 This trifling gewgaw, if compar'd to thee,
 And leave me only to indulge my raptures ;
 To gaze on thee, thou source of my delight ;
 I ask no more.

Mir. Nor will he grant you that ;
 But, like a lurking thief, he strives to rob
 And spoil thee of thy treasure.—Yes, I own,
 Nor need I speak it with a glowing blush,
 By honour, love, and all the holy ties
 That keep mankind within the bounds of order,
 Your right I am : nor shall the world united,
 E'er shake the faith of my devoted soul.

Psam. Oh thou all excellence ! — thou won-
 d'rous proof

Of

Of constancy and love!—ye libertines,
 Ye lawless rovers, who, to fate desire,
 Ravage thro' all love's province! can ye find
 Ev'n in that vast variety you prove,
 A charm like virtue!—'tis the only good,
 An emanation of that source of light,
 Whose all-creating word, from darkness rais'd
 Yon lucid firmament, and bid it shine
 With never-ceasing lustre. Thou wert form'd
 To chase despair and sorrow from my breast;
 Good fortune dwells with thee.

Mir. Alas! my prince!

I fear our happiness will ne'er be perfect.
 Why did mistaking fortune place me here,
 Amidst the artful guiles that reign in courts;
 Where men betray each other? where each smile
 Is big with ruin—and where innocence
 Is sure to meet destruction!—

Psam. Thou art safe

In these protecting arms; they shall preserve thee.
 Thou quintessence of all that's good on earth,
 All the collected sweets that crown the year,
 The fragrance of nature, dwells with thee.
 Why dost thou talk thus?

Art thou not all the blessing of my life?
 My father has disclaim'd me—torn asunder
 The bonds that nature shou'd have bound for ever;
 And thou art all I've left me to rejoice in.
 Oh! why then, *Miriana*, art thou thus?
 Why art thou now o'ercome with sudden grief?
 You pain me to the heart!—

Mir. My lord, my love!—

Am I thy cause of pain? Oh! thou art dear,

Dear to these eyes as is returning morn,
After a night of darkness and despair.
As injur'd reputation clear'd and brighten'd,
Which long, by leud, defamatory breath,
Had been obscur'd and sully'd: witness, heav'n!
There cannot be a circumstance in life
So terrible, but I wou'd take my share,
My partnership of sorrow, with my husband.

Psal. Thou soul of truth, of tenderness and love!

Mir. Oh! my *Psammenitus*!

Psam. Suppress that sigh! —

Thy bosom heaves, as if thy throbbing heart
Wou'd force a passage through the beauteous
mansion.

Mir. I will suppress it:

I'll stifle all my fears, tho' the sad vision
Is, to my tortur'd fancy, now presented.
I will put off the woman—with strong fortitude
Arm all my soul!—trust in that holy pow'r
That makes afflicted innocence its care,
Nor doubt its great protection.

Psam. Still thou'rt sad:

Thy eyes betray an inward languishing.
Why art thou not, like me, all extacy?
To fold thee thus—thus in my straining arms,
To grasp my love—to hold her to my bosom,
Is such profusion! such excess of bliss!
As quite destroys the mem'ry of my wrongs!
Leaves in my soul no vacancy for thought,
T'intrude and interrupt my present joys.

Mir. Oh! my lov'd lord, these strong emotions fright me.

Extremes of joy, or grief, are often fatal.

Whence

Whence 'tis I know not, since I know not guilt;
My soul, as if some evil did pursue me,
Starts at it self, or at the rushing wind,
And quite o'erwhelms me with its dreadful
bodings.

Psam. Banish those Images of sorrow from
thee :

My bosom, like the shelt'ring wings of *Cupid*
Shall still prote&t thee, whilst his goddes-mother,
Blushing, shall find her own immortal charms
Are faint and languid, when oppos'd to thine.

Mir. Yet I must speak, and ease my loaded
mind :

Last night, when solitude and darkness reign'd,
And busy nature seem'd to have left her work ;
My thoughts employ'd on thee, I try'd to rest.
Scarce were my eye-lids clos'd, when a thin form,
Resembling my late father, as he liv'd,
With slow and awful pace, stalk'd round my bed.
With hollow voice, and groans that shook the
roof,

Thrice cry'd he out—my child, my *Miriana*,
Take heed—beware of *Amasis*!—the pointed
hour

That calls thee to the tomb, is almost come ;
The sand, that fill'd thy glass with ebbing pace
Is running to its last—Soon shall we meet ;
But be thou sure to let me find thee spotless,
Lest my dishonour'd shade detest and loath thee.
With fear half dead, I started from my sleep,
Sent forth a shriek—when, lo! the dreadful vision,
Swifter than thought itself, was lost in air.

Psam. The mimicry of fancy—'tis no more.

When night, with her black curtain veils the world,

And sleep chains up the faculties of men,
The loosen'd soul oft takes its airy flight,
Through ways impassable, and craggy steeps ;
Sometimes descending to old ocean's bosom ;
Anon she bounds, and on *Olympus'* top,
With wings expanded, seems to reach the stars.
But thou shalt lose these visionary fears ;
Love shall exhale and dissipate thy tears.
So, when the blooming rose, its pendent head
Reclining bows, while morning dews are shed,
His genial heat, the rising sun extends,
And o'er its languid face, a new vermillion sends.

[Exit.]

End of the second Act.



ACT



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Mardian, Arbaces.

Mardian.

 HIS, my *Arbaces*, is the destin'd hour
To crown our wish, or ruin our re-
venge.

 To night, ye gods, who watch
anointed heads,

And keep the lives of kings from violation,
But neuters stand; in your own blest abodes
Securely happy, and serenely lull'd,
Leave the mean busines of this nether world
To wakeful, thinking man—nor intervene,
Nor stop the dreadful stroak that I intend.
But say, my friend, hast thou yet sounded *Nitas*?
How bears his haughty spirit his indignity?

Arb. Ev'n as the angry main, when warring
winds

Contending with opposing mountain-waves,
It swells and roars with the tempestuous shock:
At first he falter'd, and with broken speech
Cry'd out, 'tis true, king *Amasis* has wrong'd me,
And yet I live to tell thee I am injur'd;
Oft to myself I've whisper'd it in secret,
But dar'd not speak aloud, lest thunder follow'd
To

To rive its author, who, begirt with pow'r,
Avows th' affront, and sets me at defiance.

Mard. Stung with that thought, his soul was
sure enflam'd?

Arb. It was, and swelling instant to the height
Of mad revenge, I am yours, says he, *Arbaces*,
Be your design horrid, and black as hell.
Dies he by poison, or th' assassin's stab,
This hand shall minister the fatal steel,
Or mix the potion that shall give him death.
In short, he's promis'd, on a signal giv'n,
To ope the prison gates, and arm the captives.

Mard. It rises to my wish. The waining night
Calls on us to be speedy—haste, away,
Bear him this ring, as token of my friendship,
Let him, this instant, arm the *Persian* chiefs;
'Tis now near midnight: tell him too, *Arbaces*,
When the imperial circle binds my brow,
My bounty shall be endless—as for you,
My friend, and partner in this glorious prize,
Stretch thy aspiring thoughts; ask a reward
Such as may suit my gratitude and love;
Let it be vast, unlimited!—for know,
When I am *Egypt's* king,
Thou'l be the second person in our empire.

Arb. I go, and leave the recompence to you;
As now I merit from you, so reward me. [Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Mardian.

Why, this is as it shou'd be!—god-like pow'r,
Thou noble thirst, thou fever of the soul
Not to be quench'd, but from th' immortal spring
Of ever-streaming greatness!
Let priests with cold enervate hearts inculcate,
And preach dull morals to th' unthinking vulgar;
What know the brave, but vengeance or am-
bition?
Ambition, that lifts up th' exalted soul,
And places it in *Jove's* eternal seat!
Now, *Amasis*, thou'rt caught, the toils are set,
And if thou'scape me, spurn me for a slave. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Miriana's *apartment*.

Psammenitus, Miriana.

Psam. No more, my love, give to the winds
thy sorrows;
Let them disperse them, scatter 'em abroad,
Where misery and sad misfortunes dwell,
Far from this mansion, this blest seat of love.
Let the gay god, light at those beamy eyes
His lambent torch, while joy, with pleasing smiles,
Sits

Sits on thy face, and tells me *Miriana*
Is blest in the adoring fond *Psammenitus*.

Mir. Yes, prince, 'tis true, my passion does
transcend.

All that the faithful'st love did ever vow.
When thou wert absent in the bloody field,
How was my trembling heart possess'd with fear?
Morning and evening were my vows sent up
To that presiding pow'r that rules o'er all,
Still to preserve thee 'midst the raging fight,
Where death lay ambush'd in a thousand shapes,
And where each moment wing'd th' untimely fate
Of some *Egyptian* hero.

Psam. The good gods,
Who're never deaf to piety like thine,
Heard thy petitions; 'tis to thee my love;
To *Miriana*'s ardent supplications,
The life of her *Psammenitus* was giv'n.
My fiery courser, by a wound enrag'd,
Plung'd head-long, where the thickest of the foe,
Like a strong rampart planted, fought my life,
Then threw me with so violent a shock,
It stun'd my sense, and left me almost breathless;
And now a thousand swords were drawn to end
me,

When a brave party of my valiant friends
Rush'd in, and snatch'd me from surrounding
death.

Mir. Kind heav'n, what thanks, what gra-
titude is due
For such unbounded mercy; my whole life
Shall be but one continu'd act of praise,

For

For this thy wond'rous, thy amazing goodness!

Psam. Oh, how this tenderness transports my soul!

Thy unresisting beauties are thy least,
Thy meanest charm—thy mind is all perfection.
Oh, I cou'd dwell for ever on this theme!
Had I the eloquence of gods themselves;
The inspiration of the sacred nine,
More than persuasive harmony e'er utter'd,
I cou'd not speak the fullness of my heart.

Mir. Sure never love was so distrest as ours.
Amidst the tide of pleasure that flows o'er me,
To hear my faithful prince avow his flame;
Yet, when I think on *Amasis*, a fear
Like ice upon the bosom of the spring,
Nips all the budding blossoms of my joy.

Psam. Thus let me warm thee; thus with
rapt'rous kisses! [embracing her.]
The sweet contagion thou shalt catch from me.
Like mine, thy ev'ry pulse shall beat with love.
A boiling tumult rises in my veins,
Fierce extacies shoot thro' my glowing breast,
And my whole soul is raging with desire!
To night, my fair; to night, my soldiers toils,
My weary marches thro' the dusty fields,
And all the wounds I have in fight sustain'd,
Shall well be recompenc'd. Within thy arms
All sorrow shall be lost, each sense absorb'd,
And drown'd in our luxuriant soft delights!—

Mir. Forbear, *Psammenitus*.—To-morrow's dawn

May bring an happy opportunity,
When we may fall, with our beseeching tears,

At the king's feet. Perhaps, all-pitying heav'n
May turn his stubborn and tenacious heart,
And he may yield me, with a blessing, to thee.

Psam. No. I will be before-hand with my fate,
And if ill fortune comes, it shall lag after:

Thou art a virgin-bride, my love, as yet,

Thy beauteous innocence is unenjoy'd;

And shall I leave it to a rival's mercy?

I must be cold, indeed, insensible

To those illustrious charms that shine around
thee,

T'admit of such a thought. Thou art my por-
tion,

My whole of happiness, a countless sum!

Dear soft'ner of the rugged hours of life.

To bed, my fair; and when the god of sleep

Has spread his balmy wings throughout the
court,

Secret I'll come, no light but love's bright lamp;

In silence will we interchange our souls,

And waste the night in more than mortal plea-
sures.

Mir. Still, my good lord, tho' thou art all o'er
kindness,

This woman's weakness hangs upon my fancy;

Great *Juno*, that presides o'er marriage rights,

Thou sister-queen of *Jove*, protect and guard me.

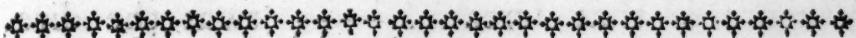
[*Exit.*]



S C E N E IV.

Psammenitus *alone.*

Excellent woman ! thou hast all my soul !
Sure she is more than nature's hand could frame,
Without the help of some excelling god,
Who try'd t'outdo his brothers of the sky,
And plac'd perfection in her radiant form !



S C E N E V.

Psammenitus, Mardian.

Psam. What ! *Mardian !* say, how wears the night ?

Mard. She's now in her midcourse ; the twinkling stars

Muffle their heads, and hide themselves in clouds :
Darkness has now extended her black veil,
And cover'd nature's face ; the moon's obscur'd,
Nor shines with borrow'd rays to guide the world.

Psam. Good night, my friend, my *Miriana* claims me.

Too long have I been absent from her arms,
And follow'd stern *Bellona*'s loud alarms.
But peace, once more, rears up its golden head,
The olive does its wish'd-for branches spread,
And love the soul of all its joys does on me shed.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E



SCENE VI.

Mardian.

So near the crisis—then assist me hell !
 I've ly'd myself thus far into his faith,
 And dearly shall he pay me for my friendship.
 If my design succeeds—The Viper's touch
 Shall give him bliss, sooner than *Miriana*! —
 Whence is that scream ! — 'twas the dire
 screech-owl's note
 Boding destruction ! — Not return'd,— not yet ?
 Why does he loiter thus ? — Trifling *Arbaces* !
 Each moment now is worth a thousand ages.
 How expectation wracks me ! — hark, what noise !
 'Twas fear alone created it — All's hush'd ;
 Sure *Nitas* has not shrunk from the design.
 I know *Arbaces* trusty — His revenge
 Will keep him steady ; oh he's here at last.



SCENE VII.

Enter to him Arbaces.

Mard. Now, my good genius ! does sedition
 thrive ?

Arb. As well as souls resolv'd like ours can wish.
Nitas has kept his word — Forth from their dun-
 geon

The captive chiefs, compleatly arm'd, have rush'd.
 The

The guards that keep the city's western gate
Still weaker grow ; the *Perfians* wonders act.
The raging populace have ta'en th'alarm,
And join, they know not why, the midnight tu-
mult.

Mard. 'Tis well ; in mischief thou'rt my other
self.

The noise approaches—see, *Cephrenus* comes ;
Distraction and affright fit on his brow :
He seems the prophet of his master's fate.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter to them Cephrenus.

Mard. Your looks speak horror, soldier ; what's
the news ?

Ceph. O my good lord, treason is at our doors.
Where is the prince ? Destruction comes apace ;
And, like a spreading flood, o'erwhelms us all.
The prison, that inclos'd the slaves of war,
Has burst its gates ; how, no man knows ; but
Nitas,

No doubt, suspecting that his forfeit head
Must answer for't, has midst the tumult fled.

Mard. Say'st thou, *Cephrenus* ? has the villain
scap'd ?

But justice, yet, may overtake his crimes.

Ceph. Haste, *Mardian*, haste ; each moment
swells the terror.

Without the palace a well-chosen band
Wait the command of prince *Psammenitus*.
Lead, lead me to the general—

Mard.

Mard. We'll seek him,
My valiant friend, thou loyal noble soldier.
The statesman's fitteſt tool. Wretched *Cephrenus.*
(*aside.*)

[*Exeunt.*]



S C E N E IX.

Pſammenitus alone.

Alarms and dangers are ſo frequent to me,
That busy fancy forms 'em even here
Beneath my father's hospitable roof.
What noise is this? (*liſtening.*) The night was
meant by nature
To heal our cares, and give us ſoft repofe.



S C E N E X.

Enter to the prince Mardian, Arbaces, and Cephrenus.

Pſam. Ha! what means this! oh my fore-boding fears!
Why break you thus the ſilence of the night?
And with a more than trait'rous inſolence,
Thus rudely press upon your prince's privacy?

Mard. Lo! to the Earth, *Pſammenitus*, we
bend. [kneeling.]
Pardon this forc'd intrusion of your ſlaves.

The kingdom's ſafety,—your own ſacred life,

Are

Are threaten'd now, and in the utmost danger.

Ceph. [kneeling] Most valiant prince ! oh hear
your prostrate soldier.

Accursed treason, that still shuns the light,
And hides by day her foul opprobrious head,
Now stalks abroad, with midnight darkness
mask'd.

The pris'ners have escap'd ; the gath'ring croud
Encrease the tumult ; now thro' all our streets
Confusion, horror, and wild uproar reign.

Psam. Haste you to quell it then ; why stand
you here ?

Where is the courage that once warm'd your soul !

Ceph. Our soldiers have no hearts without
their leader.

Without his presence, they are nothing worth ;
He animates alone, and whets their swords ;
Which else are blunted, and but deal in air.

Psam. Sure heav'n itself's combin'd to my de-
struction ;

Else wherefore comes this unexpected curse ?

Shall I forsake, and disappoint my wife !

While those warm kisses, I at parting gave,
Glow on her lips, and light the flame of love ?
Hell—hell is in that thought ; it mads my brain !

Or shall I leave my people a weak prey
To the destroyer's hand !

S C E N E



S C E N E XI.

Enter to them an officer wounded, with his sword drawn.

Psam. Soldier, what means
This streaming blood, and look so full of terror?
Off. As on my post I stood, heading a band
Of brave companions, to defend the city,
The captive chiefs, who had enflam'd the rabble,
And gather'd up a still encreasing train
Of robbers, cut-throats, and despairing villains,
(A num'rous rout) pour'd on me like a deluge.
My men fled back, the darkness broke all order,
And now they threat revenge—you, prince,
alone
Can stem the torrent; loud on you they call,
Egypt is lost without *Psammenitus*.

Psam. And do they call *Psammenitus*? I come.
O my poor country! all thy wounds are mine!



S C E N E XII.

Mardian alone.

Good night, my lord, to you, and to your peace;
For if it e'er return to you again,
Flames shall no more destroy, nor waters drown;
All things that nature has made opposites
Shall kindly join, and blend with one another.
The king!—now, mischief, to thy noble work.

S C E N E

S C E N E XIII.

Amasis, Mardian.

Ama. Torment of mind ! — he is not to be
vanquish'd ;

This laughing deity ; this tyrant *Cupid*,
That rages in my soul ! — oh thou fond boy,
More than the strength of *Hercules* is wanting
To tear thy silken strings, that hold my heart,
From *Miriana*'s eyes thy shafts are sent ;
From thence they come, with never-erring aim,
And pierce e'en all they touch — now I behold
her,

Th' enchanting, lovely maid ; she's ever present :
Darkness and Night can never shroud her from
me ;

Imagination can create a day

Amidst the thickest gloom. In sleep she mixes,
And forms my dreams ; then, starting, I awake,
And, for my love, grasp a delusive shadow.

I cannot rest ; in vain the god of sleep
Is still invok'd : like death, to men in mis'ry,

The more he's courted, he the farther flies.

My nephew too, a truant to his bed ?

Then those curst hags, who nightly ride the air,
Have something baneful surely to perform,
And therefore hunt us from our downy rest.

Speak, honest *Mardian*, wherefore art thou
here ?

H

Mard.

Mard. Can sleep, my liege, come to these weary lids,

When treason is so near your royal person?

Ama. Treason! ha! what? my son! durst he conspire,

And aim his plots, here, at our sacred life?

Mar. My lord, 'tis certain, that the *Perſian* slaves,

Who shou'd have bled to-morrow, have escap'd; The frightened city's fill'd with dire alarms;

And prince *Psammenitus*

Departed hence, e'en now, to quell the tumult:

But sore it irk'd him, war should interpose,

And break upon the softer hours of love,

When expectation, to the highest rais'd,

Brought him so near his bliss.

Ama. So near his bliss!

Curſt, innate traytor! — but thou speak'st in riddles.

Mar. Think you, my lord, the youthful *Miriana*,

With all that world of charms the gods have giv'n her,

Has not her softer hours? or that your son,

With youthful ardor, sues her still in vain?

Is this a time, when friendly darkness covers

And hides their blushes from the tell-tale sun,

For women to be coy? — she is not form'd

Of marble, nor is he turn'd anchorite.

Ama. Oh! by the gods! I gueſſ thy meaning well;

Is this the chastity of which ſhe boasts?

As cold to me, as nipping wintry frost;

With

With him, as wanton, as the most abandon'd
Of that vain sex, when pride and luxury court
'em.

But my sure vengeance yet shall reach her minion ;
I'll tear his form into ten thousand pieces,
Or, like old Saturn, feed on my own issue.

Mar. What have I said ! o pardon, royal sir,
Alas ! I thought not it wou'd shake you thus ;
Curse on the heedless rashness of my tongue !
Your changing visage wears a form of fury ;
Your eyes, like blazeing meteors, roll their
flames,

As they would hurl destruction all around 'em.

Ama. Hell and confusion ! — hence, thou
struggling virtue !

Too long I've kept an awful slavish distance,
And stoop'd to sue there, where I might com-
mand :

But, by the gods ! I'll not endure it — no —
This night shall well repay me ; full fruition
Shall teach me to forget love's blandishments,
And all the idle softnesses it brings — — —
Absent ! — a lucky opportunity ! —
I will supplant him ; this aspiring boy
That dares to rival me in love and empire.

Mard. What is this love, which reason cannot
tame ?

It bends the warrior, and quite melts him down
To the complainings of a puling girl.
Oh, sacred sir ! in honour's name I beg you
Stifle this fruitless passion.

Ama. Bid the wind,
When it roots oaks and mountains from the earth,

And with the tempest shakes the vast olympus,
Be calm at once! — I must, I will possess her.
Hark thee? art thou their go-between? their
pandor?

Their *Argus*, with thy hundred eyes exploring,
Who comes to interrupt their assignation?
Come, come, be open—I can keep a secret.

Mard. My lord, I only know they love each
other:

And, had not fortune crost their hopes, to night,
Perhaps, they had been happy.

Ama. Ha! — indeed!

Shall he be happy; and must I despair?
Am I possess'd of empire, boundless pow'r!
And shall my creature, a slight girl, despise me!
By heav'n! I'll go this instant—darkness favours,
And the kind night
Puts on her gloomy habit to conceal me.
This way leads to her chamber. [going.]

Mard. Think, my lord;
Yet think, when cool reflection comes across
you,

Perhaps you'll wish —

Ama. No more—not *Jove* shall stop me;
No matter what's the consequence? — I'll on.
Ha! whence this trembling? — what is't that,
unseen,

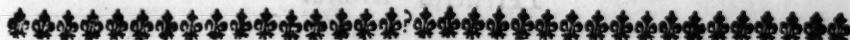
Pulls from within to stop my full career?
Peace, babbling conscience! or, whate'er thou
art!

Hence, vain chymeric fears! — my mounting spi-
rits

As strongly beat their round, as when in battle,

Ten

Ten winters since, I climb'd the steep ascent
Of a high mountain, on whose lofty summit
My foes encamp'd, amidst a shov'r of darts,
Whose missive points sung dreadful in the air,
All aim'd at my devoted head. Now, then,
To prove the force of *Miriana's* charms ;
In spight of omens, and their false alarms. [Exit.



S C E N E XIV.

Mardian *alone.*

Away, fond fool, ruin and death o'ertake thee.
Ye powers infernal, who, with ceaseless malice
Pursue mankind to bring them to destruction :
Shed your malignant influence on their bed.
Let each endearment be full fraught with venom,
Whose poysen, rankling in their guilty minds,
Shall make them swell, 'till thought has burst
the brain.

Now let their thirsty souls be fully sated.
Let them drink deep of love's incestuous draught,
That they may act the horror my heart pants for !
Then shall I smile, to see them writhe with pain,
By which, a glorious diadem I gain. [Exit.

End of the third Act.

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Amasis *alone.*


 O W *vain* is the pre-eminence and
 pow'r,
 That high authority which monarchs
 claim
 O'er their dependent subjects, if like
 slaves
 They crouch to their imperious appetites !
 Those lordly masters, who, like true usurpers,
 Demand from us most abject, tame submission,
 Yet cheat us of those great rewards they promise.
 Methought I could e'en mate th'immortal gods
 Possess'd of *Miriana* ! — My fond soul
 In secret long had languish'd for her beauties ;
 Yet, midst the stealth of my triumphant joys,
 A deadly shiv'ring struck me to the heart ;
 A guilty fear lurk'd underneath my bliss,
 Eating the root of all my growing pleasures.
 Why should this scarecrow conscience haunt me
 thus ?
 I'll think no more on't ! Ha ! by heav'n, she
 comes !
 I would avoid her, now, more eagerly
 Than I first sought and prest her to my bosom.

TOP

SCENE



SCENE II.

Amasis, Miriana.

Mir. Left me with silence thus, *Psammenitus* ?
Now you are cruel, as you have been kind !
What ! not a word —
Oh thou unkind one, turn again, and bless
Me with thy sight !

Ama. For ever shall my eyes
Be rivetted to thine ; — Here will I gaze
Till life itself dissolves, and I expire.

*[As he turns to her she shrieks,
and falls into a swoon.]*

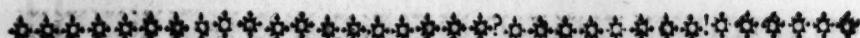
Look up, thou charmer of my thankful soul !
I'll pay thee back thy tenderness and love.
The king shall pay thee the acknowledgment
Thy goodness has deserv'd !

Mir. O touch me not !
Not heav'n itself can give me back my peace.
Each curst embrace of thine, each touch is death.
'Tis hell, an earnest of a sure damnation !

Oh ! — my soul's sick —

Ama. Then there is something hid,
Which fate has not unriddled to me yet.
What hoa ! who waits ?

SCENE



S C E N E III.

To them Iras and other attendants.

Iras. Alas! my mistress dead!
The mantling blood that purpled o'er her face
Has left its seat! See how it strives for mast'ry;
Contending with the paleness that succeeds it.
O bend her gently forward.

Ama. Whence is this?
Is the crime more in me, than in my son?
Why should it be? Ha! — what! — again this
shock?
My soul is struck! — a trembling comes across
me,

And more appalls me, than a host of foes!

Mir. Why have you brought me back from
friendly death?
Since he alone can e'er befriend me now.
To view the sun again, whose brightest beams
My spotted crimes will darken and obscure.

Ama. O tell me quick, thou minion of my
soul!
Why you so much detest my fond embraces?
Thy eyes are big with fate; delay not, then,
Or apprehension will soon turn me wild!
My thoughts, like *Sisyphus'* eternal stone,
Still rise with horror, and distract my mind.

Mir. Yes, I will tell thee, wretched king! —
Last night,
Blot it, ye gods, from the revolving year!
O let

O let it not return ; or, if it must,
 Let villains chuse it to transact their mischiefs ;
 Let murders, perjuries, and all the crimes
 That bring most sure perdition, happen on it !

Ama. What means this wild distraction ?
 whence this raving ?

Wilt thou not tell me then ? or must I seek
 For it below, where hellish fiends consult
 To plague the race of men ?

Mir. Oh, my torn heart !

Where is my husband ! — where's *Pfammenitus* ?
 Would I were mad !

Ama. Thy husband, didst thou say ?
 Horror, and sure destruction, wait that word !

Mir. Yes, my *Pfammenitus*, my injur'd husband !

My dear and wedded lord ! — Oh ! what am I ?

Ama. Nay, then I shall not need a thunderbolt
 To strike me down ! — No, ye avenging gods,
 My weighty crimes will do it of themselves.
 Bear me no longer, then, thou mother earth ;
 At once I'll ease thee of so curst an offspring.



S C E N E IV.

As he draws his sword, enter Phanes and Sethon.

Pha. 'Twas the king's voice ! help, ho, and
 force his sword
 From him. Alas ! what means this frantick rage ?

Ama. Begone from me ; avaunt ; hence, regi-
 cides !

I

Ye

Ye more than murd'lers of a ruin'd king !
 Fly from me, swifter than from foul contagion :
 My breath's infected ; it will blast you all ;
 'Tis far more venomous than mortal plagues.

Seth. Have patience, sir ; repose yourself on
 heav'n.

Ama. Patience, and heav'n ! I'm fury all, and
 hell ! —

Ha ! — look there ; dost thou see yon grinning
 fiend !

He snatches at my soul ! — He shall not have it.
 It is my fate alone, not I, am guilty.

Hark ! — the snake's hiss ! — they curl around
 me too !

Yon sulph'rous flames are not prepar'd for me !
 O for water — rivers — rivers.

Pha. Let's bear him to his chamber — He
 grows wild.

Ama. Plunge, plunge me in a gulph ten thou-
 sand fathoms deep.

[*Amasis is carried out ; the attendants follow.*



S C E N E V.

Miriana.

And what remains for *Miriana* now ?
 Where wilt thou, wretch, hide thy detested head ?
 Yes, I will fly far from the face of day ;
 No more the sun shall cheer me with his ray :
 To th'utmost confines of the world I'll roam ;
 Earth's bowels shall be rent to find a tomb.
 To death devoted I will cleave the ground ;
 Fate calls, and I expire upon the sound.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Pfammenitus, Cephrenus, and Armenon.

Psam. No farther, my good friends.—No, by
my honour,
You shall not stir a step; — haste to your rest.
[Ex. Ceph. & Arm.

S C E N E VII.

Pfammenitus *alone.*

The morning has stole on me unperceiv'd,
And I have lost the bridegroom's promis'd blessing;
Yet that's not all; — a stupid heaviness,
A cold unusual damp has seiz'd my spirits:
My slackning sinews quite forget their office,
And all my faculties are on a sudden
Dull and inactive grown— What can it mean?
I'll haste to *Miriana*; there alone,
If comfort can be found, the gods have plac'd it.

S C E N E VIII.

Mardian and Arbaces.

Arb. Yes, *Mardian*, it is certain there are
gods, I 2 And

And there are dreadful ministers of vengeance,
The harbingers of *Jove*, who make enquiry
For the iniquities of guilty man.

I think I have a share of fortitude,
And I could reason down the idle imag'ry
Of mimic dreams, if all were well within:
But in despight of boasting, here it lies,

[pointing to his breast.]

And it requires a more than mortal strength,
The shoulders of an *Atlas*, to support it.

Mard. Pho, you o'errate it; thou wilt mar
thy fame.

Let priests and women, in repentant sighs,
Breathe out their souls; -- the injur'd brave can
find,

In great revenge, a never-dying cordial.
But that a foolish dream should thus disturb thee--
Prithee no more on't!

Arb. I will never hence,
Till I shall cease myself to think, or be.
Methought I was arraign'd at *Minos'* bar;
Stern *Æacus* and *Rhadamantus* cry'd,
" Room for the wretch, whose complicated
" guilt

" Brings its perdition with it.—Common crimes
" Contrition and amendment may wipe off;
" But this arch-monster is already judg'd:
" Seize him this instant! — When a squalid fiend
Whose frowning visage made e'en hell itself
More dark and terrible, strait fasten'd on me:
I struggled with him, and my yielding joints,
Like unresisting flax, were torn asunder,
And scatter'd o'er those dark and pathless re-
gions.

The

The horror of the vision soon awak'd me,
When a cold sweat hung on my aching limbs,
And I was agoniz'd all o'er, both mind and body!

Mard. Is this the daring spirit? this the man
Whom I had chose, selected from mankind,
And offer'd him the partnership of Empire?
Is he thus terrify'd by airy goblins?
And can he people an aerial world
With such a species as ne'er yet had being,
But in th'imagination of weak dotards?
Death and distraction! how it grates my soul,
To find I'm so egregiously mistaken!

Arb. Is it but nothing then? this damning
crime!
To drive him on to incest! — Nature starts
And runs affrighted back to hear it nam'd.

Mard. Collect your scatter'd spirits, be thyself!
Think on *Mandane*! on that precious wreck
Where all thy fortunes were at once devour'd.

Arb. True; I am injur'd beyond common suf-
fering;
My ravish'd love torn from my ardent hopes:
No glimpse of joy remains; a wretched prospect
Of sure despair and misery awaits me;
And, to compleat the blow, I've join'd with thee
To make damnation sure.

(Groaning heard within.)

Mard. Whence is that groan?
Look out, *Arbaces*, summon thy whole soul,
Man ev'ry faculty to meet th'encounter,
Or we are both betray'd.

[*Arbaces goes out.*

S C E N E

SCENE IX.

Mardian *alone.*

Would he were fast ;
His lips close seal'd — the weight of death
upon 'em.

O cursed babler ! — Ha ! — I'll do it now,
When he returns : no, 'twill alarm the court.
Howe'er, he shall not live ; within an hour
I'll send a trusty agent that shall spoil
His telling tales.

SCENE X.

Enter to him Arbaces.

Mard. The Matter, good *Arbaces* ?

Arb. It is the king ! — Forth from his wounded soul,

With agonizing sighs that pierce the heav'ns,
He sends his sad laments. Smiting his breast,
He cries, " O wretched king ! — O dreadful fate !
" Enjoy thy daughter ! violate the bed
" Of thy own son, sprung even from thy bowels ?
" Monstrous effect of hot and gloating lust !
" And you, too cruel gods, that could withhold
" Your lifted bolts, ah ! why did you not strike ?
" Quick drive me to the center, e'er my soul
" Was stain'd with the accus'd incestuous act.

Mard.

Mard. 'Tis now but piety to wish him dead:
 Death is a sweet cessation of our being;
 A kind insensibility of mis'ry.
 To be no more; in an eternal sleep
 To lose the mem'ry of our mortal woes;
 Consuming anguish! sharp and grinding pain!
 The torments of a self-condemning mind
 Ever reproaching! to feel these no more
 Is to be happy. Then, when he is gone,
 (And young *Pfammenitus*, thro' duty, follows him)
 Think upon pow'r, that godlike attribute,
 Despotick sway and absolute dominion:
 'Tis rapture e'en in thought! — 'tis extacy! en-
 joyment

Of all that's great, desireable, or good!
 What were those very gods we worship once?
 But brave aspiring mortals, whose vast spirits
 Urg'd them thro' all impediments and bounds,
 To force their way, and reach th'ascent of glory.

Arb. Give me but back my innocence, and
 take,
 Take all that pride and wantonness of pow'r,
 The tyranny that dwells with black ambition
 Can give to satisfy the thirsty appetite.
 Could I recal the guilt of yesterday,
 My peace of mind, which now is lost for ever,
 Would then return; and smiling happiness
 (Its blest attendant) with it.

Mard. Cursed whining!
 Henceforth, declaiming fool, preach to the winds,
 To raging billows, when the storm runs high:
 They will as soon regard, and hear thy moan.
 Know, from this moment, I as much despise,

As

As e'er I lov'd thee? — Haste thee to some cell,
Some gloomy desert, there groan out thy soul,
And howl thy life in agonies away.



S C E N E XI.

Arbaces alone.

Are these the wages? — this the fit reward
For so much guilt as I have waded thro'?
It is.—To be upbraided thus — thus scorn'd,
Contemn'd and set at naught — ev'n by the
villain

Who tempted first, and sullied my bright virtue?
So when th'inveterate foes of human race,
Those cursed spirits that seduce frail man,
Have finish'd him in sin—with horrid taunts
They gnash their teeth, and laugh him to de-
struction.

The king — Can I look up? — can I behold
My injur'd master's face? — Rather, thou earth,
Open at once, and let me quick descend,
And herd myself among my fellow fiends.



S C E N E XII.

Amasis and Arbaces.

Ama. Can life be worth preserving, when each
thought
Strikes dread and horror thro' the wounded mind!
Whence

Whence then this diffidence and fear of death?

Why does reflecting on hereafter shake us,

And make the hero dwindle to a coward?

Art thou *Arbaces*?

Arb. Once, dread sir, I was.

A faithful subject then.— But oh, the change!

Loathsome deformity has crusted o'er,

And quite effac'd the workmanship of heav'n;

The stamp divine that mark'd me for a man.

O I am fall'n! debas'd! sunk down into a monster!

Ama. Why tremble you? — why shiver thus
your joyns?

Your smiting knees do clashing meet each other,
As they were combatants prepar'd for war.

Arb. Most sacred prince! — think not these
tears are feign'd,

Or that they are the childish rain of women;

But springs of sorrow, flowing from a heart

Smitten with deep contrition for its crimes.

Call forth the rack; let pincers tear my limbs

Till all my bones are sinewless and bare,

I will not shrink, nor writhe my steady looks;

But, groaning underneath this weight of guilt,

I cannot bear my agonizing thoughts!

Reflection deeper wounds me.

Ama. Art thou a villain then? or is thy brain
Hurt, and disturb'd? — If so, I envy thee:

'Tis not for crimes like mine; — I must endure

The thorn of conscience, that ne'er-dying worm.

Arb. Shame yet has stopp'd my tongue: else

I had told thee

The source of all thy woes: th'accursed cause;

The villain that has heap'd destruction on thee;

Prostrates himself, imploring your forgiveness.

Ama. What! thou?—Go on, altho' the ambient air

Be poison'd with the venom of thy breath.

Arb. I will; and when the bitter task is done,
Hide me for ever from a world I loath.

Your nephew, *Mardian*, whose ambitious thoughts
Aim at your crown, long sought your sacred life:
'Twas his infernal art that form'd the scheme
Which has involv'd your royal house in ruin!
He knew the prince's marriage; yet with care,
With all the arts of curst dissimulation,
Rais'd to the highest pitch your strong desires,
To make your fall more certain and severe.

The insurrection of the *Perſian* slaves;
The sending prince *Pſammenitus* to quell it;
All was the dark, deliberated thought
Of *Mardian*, *Nitas*, and (O shame to tell;
Would I could blush to death—) the wretch *Arbaces*!

Ama. O villain!—secret, damn'd, remorseless
villain!

O wretched state of monarchs! Why does heav'n,
(Since 'tis by heav'n they reign) deny them pre-
ſcience?

Then they might look into the hearts of men;
And there behold the seeds of vice and virtue;
Yet immature, and growing in their breasts,
And punish, or reward, as justice dictates.

Arb. Is there a pow'r, a charm in language?
no!

There's none that can extenuate my crime.

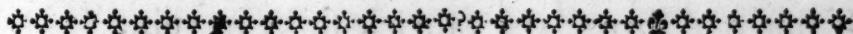
Yet hear me, fir, then spurn me from your pre-
ſence.

He

He took me in the raging of my soul,
When all my thoughts were fury and despair ;
Psammenitus had giv'n away my love :
Reason was lost—that god-like principle,
The equal arbiter 'twixt right and wrong,
Had left her seat, and fury soon possest it.
Yet think me not so mean, nor fall'n so low,
To hope a pardon for my matchless crimes.
Empale me,—flea me,—bury me alive !
Plunge me in liquid fire ! then drag me out,
And place me underneath a mount of snow,
'Till in alternate torments I expire.

Ama. No, thou shalt live—Life is thy proper
hell !

To die ! what is it but a free discharge
From all the mis'ries that oppress us here ?
'Tis to be loos'd from pain, from sharp reflection,
And all the train of terrors, that attend
And rack the sinful mind ! — Live, live, *Arbaces* ;
Were I a god, then should'ft thou be immortal,
And keep that vulture in thy breast for ever.



S C E N E XIII.

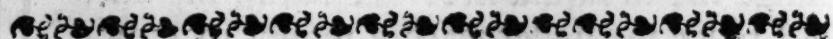
Arbaces alone.

He bids me live ! — 'tis sure he ne'er can add
A greater curse ; — unless I cannot die.
Immortal pow'rs ! who rule the state above,
And view all human errors here on earth ;
O make not strict enquiry for those crimes
Mistaken man, with rashness does commit.

K 2

You

You made us thus imperfect ; and our souls
 (Like childrens craving appetites) pursue
 (When passions toss the mind,) The first temptation that assaults the sense :
 Religion, Reason, all are overborne,
 'Till late repentance sets before the sight,
 In glaring colours, our enormous ills.
 Acquit me, then, for shortly I shall come
 To take of you, my last, my eternal doom.



S C E N E XIV.

Mardian *alone.*

Curs'd State of Politicians, when in treason
 The impotent and heartless must be join'd !
 And mix with those brave spirits, who resolv'd,
 And fearless would go through the mighty work,
 'Till the concluding period makes all safe.
 But such, conspiracy, is thy frail fate,
 So many diff'rent hands to raise the pile,
 If but one stops, the fabrick sinks in ruin,
 And crushes all that's near it with the fall.
 This weak, religious fool ; this tim'rous wretch,
 With his ill-tim'd repentance will undo
 All I've been lab'ring at—But here's the physick
 Shall cure his sickly conscience with one dose.

[*Shewing a dagger.*

[*A noise of treading heard within.*
 Who's there ! — Death ! am I jilted now ! curs'd
 fortune !
 I shall be dragg'd to prison like a thief,

A petty

A petty, stabbing villain — No, 'tis he,
My friend, who comes to rid me of my fears.

SCENE XV.

Enter to him a ruffian.

Mard. Come hither, man; — hast thou a soul
that's firm,

Not to be shook — intrepid — that can dare
To do an act shall raise thy grov'ling fate,
And rank thee with the wealthy, and the proud?

Ruff. My lord, my fortune's desp'rate; and,
to mend it,

This executing arm shall sheathe a sword
E'en in the heart of majesty itself.

Mard. Why that's well said! thy count'nance
shews thee staunch.

See'st thou this dagger! — thou know'st lord
Arbaces?

He's in's apartment now, perhaps at pray'rs:
(Why 'tis the fittest time to kill him then;
Whilst yet the holy fit is warm upon him.)

[Speaks as to himself.]

(To the ruffian.) His chamber is remote from any
other,

And easy of access; — Plunge in his breast
This well-try'd steel, and think thy fortune made.

Ruff. It shall be done, my lord. — Remorse and
pity
Are strangers to this heart. Whene'er they plead,
I'm adamant: weeping I never knew;

Nature

Nature has form'd me rough ; and since stern fortune

Denies me her best blessings (pow'r and riches)
I wage eternal war with their possessors.

Mard. Be steady but in this ; thy thirst of gold,

Wer't thou made up of avarice itself,
Shall then be glutted. Here, receive the dagger :
Be resolute.— I'll wait here 'till 'tis over.

[*He gives the dagger to the ruffian, who goes out.*



S C E N E XVI.

Mardian, alone.

Well, this will surely do. Dead men, 'tis said,
Do never blab ;— except their flitting ghosts,
(As some dull moralists think) bursting from earth,

Murm'ring and discontent, roam round the place
Where their cold relicks moulder into dust,
And with dire yellings fill the fearful ears
Of cowards, fools, and madmen. — But these fables

Are but the dreams of priests, to fright the rabble,
And make 'em own the venerable cause
Of heav'n, religion, and avenging gods.

This fellow stays ;— I'm torn 'twixt hope and fear :

He could not miss his prey :— 'twas hunted down,
And one sure blow keeps him from rising more.

S C E N E XVII.

Ruffian enters to Mardian.

Mard. Welcome, my friend; — I see thou hast
been busy:

Is he secure? — quite kill'd! — for ever dead!
Speak, and crown all my hopes at once.

Ruff. He is:

Behold this reeking dagger, 'tis yet warm
With his life's blood. With stealing pace I crept,
Where he was kneeling, with uplifted hands
To deprecate the gods for his offences.
By heav'n, my heart was going to recoil,
And call me coward. But, 'twas a short fit,
And I o'ercame it soon. I fear'd, he saw me,
When his rear'd eyes darted their beams to
heav'n:

Just then I struck him, and he half pronounc'd,
Mercy, great Jove—His spirit took its flight,
And left his body lifeless on the floor.

Mard. Thou hast, at length, well paid me for
those pains,
Thy troublesome false fears have made me suffer:
He's dead, and I am safe—Take this, haste hence,
Be secret, and secure me for thy friend.

[*Gives the ruffian a purse.*

Let him to furies whine his tale of woe,
Whilst I applaud the hand, that gave the blow.

Exit.

End of the fourth Act.

A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Mardian.

O! now methinks I grasp a diadem.
 My soul's sublim'd, and lifted to the
 stars;
 The streams of dazzling glory break
 upon me,
 As new-created light, illumin'd chaos.
 Old *Amasis* seems quite bereft of reason;
 His son, e'er long, no doubt, will find his shame.
 What follows then but death must catch them
 both?
 Why, let them rest! I'll o'er their ashes stride,
 And mount myself into the regal seat!
 How now? the king--- But I must man it out.

SCENE II.

Amasis and Mardian.

Ama. No place can give me rest---within my
 bosom
 I carry hell: and all its store of horrors.
Mard. (bowing.) My gracious lord, what mean
 those frantick words?
 And wherefore do you wear this face of sorrow?
Ama.

Ama. Thou steady villain, dar'st thou look
erect?

Or cast thy eyes up to yon azure heav'n?
And not expect such vengeance for thy crimes,
As suits the justice of affronted *Jove*?

Mard. Most sacred sir, wherein have I offended?

Ama. Can impious Man thus steel his harden'd
breast,

And make it proof 'gainst heav'n's artillery,
Bidding defiance to the thund'r's pow'r!
Did you ne'er know to fear nor heav'n, nor hell?

(looking steadfastly on Mardian.

Mard. My liege! (shewing a concern.

Ama. Hast thou no sense of guilt? or wer't
thou form'd

Without that conscious witness which upbraids
And fills the soul with horror?

Mard. Guilt! my lord!

Ama. May swift perdition catch thee; thou
cool, base,

Equivocating slave!—know'st thou *Arbaces*?—
That vile accomplice of thy hellish malice,
Repenting, all his treason has confess'd.

Mard. Curse on his wav'ring soul, dull,
wretched fool,

To leave him but a moment!—now all's over,
And I am caught, betray'd by my own folly.

[aside.

Despair, my lord, and fear of present death,
Make wretches utter what they never meant;
And often blend the guiltless with the wicked.
That I am innocent! just heav'n—

L

Ama.

Ama. Be dumb for ever—
Have I not found thee? vile, ungrateful traytor.
Who was't that plotted with th' accursed *Nitas*,
And rais'd rebellion in the dead of night?—
Who set the captives free?—

Mard. I will not answer—
Since curst, inconstant fortune has abus'd me;
Know, I contemn thy power.—

Ama. Torments shall yet
Make thee, thou wretch, confess, and feel my
justice.
I that have nurst thee with my choicest love,
And heap'd my blessings with a bounteous hand;
And to be thus repaid!—what cou'd ingage thee
to it?

Mard. Since you will have it, sir, it was—
Ambition.

Th' immortal thirst of heroes and of gods.
I strove to climb the golden pinnacle,
The very utmost point of human greatness:
It was a crown I fought—to wield a sceptre,
And bid Plebeian slaves, at distance wait,
And watch my awful nod; 'twas *Egypt's* crown.
And to obtain that vast, that glorious prize,
Honour and conscience (those exalted names
Invented first by priests to cheat the world)
To me seem'd nothing—nay, e'en life itself,
For such a stake, a poor ignoble venture.

Ama. Amazement!—sure I dream?—now
Amasis

Thou'rt fall'n indeed!—become the sport of slaves.
What, hoa! who waits! a guard there! seize the
traytor! [Enter a guard and seizes Mardian.

Bear

Bear him this instant to the rack--invent,
Try all the ways that malice ever practis'd,
To lengthen and improve the wretch's torture.

Mar. Yet, e'er I go—hear me, and then,
farewel.

Thou think'st this punishment: but, by the pow'rs,
Those partial powers that blasted my designs,
I wou'd not live, thus disappointed, robb'd,
And cheated by the gods of all my hopes.
My haughty soul disdains a second place;
I wou'd be first; and, were I plac'd in heav'n,
I'd war with mighty *Jove* to hurl his thunder.

Ama. Hence with the monster, he offends my
fight! [He is carried off.



S C E N E III.

Ama *alone.*

O that this being wou'd at once dissolve,
And moulder into nothing!—that I cou'd
Shake off this burthen, this huge load of life!
The tyrant death sits on his dreary throne,
Regardless of complaining mortals moan.
His iron sceptre waves in sullen state,
Tho' thousands croud around his palace gate;
He sternly sits, nor, till the fates decree
Will loose the fetter'd soul, and set the captive
free. [Exit.

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

Enter Psammenitus.

Alone I wander thro' the court ; each eye
 Startles at sight of me—the glitt'ring pres'ls
 Of thronging courtiers, that were wont to wait,
 And catch my smiles, now shrugging shake their
 heads,
 And disappear when-e'er they chance to cross
 me.
 What means this mute confession of my fate !



S C E N E V.

Psammenitus and Miriana.

Psam. Who's this ! my wife—where hast thou
 been, my love ?
 And wherefore do'st thou hide thee from the day ?
 From me, who only live to gaze upon thee !
 Oh, thou fair flow'r — why droops thy lovely
 head ?
 Why do'st thou sinking bend thee to the earth ?
 A settl'd melancholly clouds thy face,
 And shades the beauteous lustre of thy eyes.

Mir. Art thou *Psammenitus*—surely that voice
 Was wont to chear, and raise my soul to tran-
 sports :
 Oh ! when, when will the hours again return ?

The

The days of innocence, and spotless joys ?
But, 'twill not be—the vast, th' eternal bar
That severs us, can never be remov'd.

Psam. What says my love ? never return
again ?

Recal that fatal, that heart-piercing word.

I know you mourn my absence, *Miriana* ;
Last night was to have been an happy one.

Mir. Detested found, it sets my frenzy'd
brain

On a new whirl ! *Psammenitus*, no more ;
If you regard your *Miriana*'s peace.
My thoughts will drive me into sure despair,
If that comes o'er my mem'ry.—

Psam. Hush thy sorrows.—

Let me speak peace to thy divided soul.
A long successive train of rolling years
Are yet to come, fill'd all with happiness :
Henceforward shall my days, my hours, moments,
Be wholly thine—to thee I'll all devote.
The voice of war, the business of the world
In vain shall call—Thus in each other's arms
We'll live united, and united die.

Mir. Take heed, *Psammenitus*, thou'rt on the
beach ;

The working storm is rising to devour thee ;
And thou, with me, must sink amid the billows.

Psammenitus !—my heart is rent asunder.

Psam. What means my love ?—oh, *Miriana*,
speak !

Mir. I cannot speak, my lab'ring breast is full ;
But the big woe is quite unutterable !

Psam.

Psam. Can there be felt a pain more exquisite
Than thus to doubt, in intricacies caught?
Yet know no end of the still-winding toil!
Wilt thou not speak?—in thy chang'd face I
read

Some dreadful revolution of my fortune!

Mir. Dost thou?—and can you love me yet?
ah, no!

You hate me, you that were so tender once,
Behold me now, but as thy source of mis'ry.
And yet my wretched fate wou'd sure draw tears,
E'en from barbarity itself. [weeps,

Psam. Can I,
Can I insensibly behold them flow?
Ye powers, who delight in shewing mercy,
O wherefore do ye visit so severely,
And pour your wrath upon this innocent?
If the warm transports of unguided youth
Have e'er betray'd me into such a crime
As your forgiving goodness cannot pardon;
Let me feel all your vengeance, but O spare,
Keep, keep this tender frame from violence.

Mir. *Pſammenitus*, I wou'd—I wou'd speak out:
Yes—I wou'd tell thee—what?—that we are
ruin'd?

That sorrow and despair is all our portion?
Is that what I wou'd tell thee?—must the bride
Greet her espous'd with grief— with shame
and death?

Oh! let me sink at once, in the dark grave;
Bury my woes, and hide me from the light.

[sinks into a chair.

Psam.

Psam. Yet speak——e'er my conflicting paf-
sions have destroy'd me ;
I cannot bear this anarchy of thought.
If angry *Jove* has arm'd his ready hand
With his dread bolts, let them strike thro' at
once,
And end a wretched prince.

Mir. Then, we are ruin'd!—
Call me no more, by the dear name of wife,
For that chaste title has thy father fally'd.

Psam. My father ! father saidst thou ! hea-
v'ns, where am I?
'Tis not in nature to sustain this blow ;
No human fortitude can ward it off :
Give me, ye gods, of your omnipotence,
Or strengthen me, or I shall sink before her.

Mir. Last night, O dire remembrance ! must
I think on it ?
When the all-conscious eye of day was clos'd,
And screening darkness aided the deceiver ;
Impatient of thy wish'd approach—quite tir'd,
I sunk, at last, into a fatal slumber.
No guardian angel whisper'd to my soul
How near the precipice of ruin was ;
All heav'n forsook me, and th' incestuous tyrant
Caref's'd——embrac'd——

Psam. Stop—*Miriana*, stop.
Let me not think upon that guilty scene,
Lest I shou'd curse the author of my being,
Think he no longer minds his own creation,
But leaves to random chance th' affairs of men,
That villany may prosper ; mourning virtue
Be quite depress'd, and friendless in the world.

Mir.

Mir. O ! had there been but one friend to virtue left,

One pitying god, he must have interpos'd,
And snatch'd me from my fate : but I am stain'd,
Polluted ! my fair fame, that shou'd thro' ages
Have roll'd with whiteness to succeeding times,
Is blacker now than the dark *Ethiop's* visage.

Psam. Why did I 'scape when the pursuing sword

Chas'd me thro' the fields of slaughter and destruction ?

Has heav'n preserv'd me, whilst on either side
Thousands have fell a prey to rav'ous death,
For this indignity ? my bed defil'd :
My father too, become the ravisher !

Where, ye immortal gods, where is your justice,
When with impunity such crimes are acted ?

Mir. Shall he unpunish'd go ? shall he not feel
Such agonies as rend my tortur'd brain ?
Like me be frantick with his guilty thoughts ?
Cou'd I but kill my mem'ry, bid that die,
All might be calm again ; but to be thus,
Thus with imagination torn — give, give me death.
Yes, I will seek him : search the dreary cave
Where he lies hid. See ! — he's already come.
How the thin spectres dance before my eyes.
Oh hide me from that phantom, 'tis too terrible,
I cannot bear it. Ha ! 'twill surely catch me ;
See, it fleets after me ; I'll run and hide me from
it.

[runs off.]

S C E N E



S C E N E VI.

Pfammenitus alone.

She's gone—she's happy, grief has fix'd her
brain.
No more she'll feel the pangs, the curse of
thinking.

Wou'd I were so—We're taught, indeed, t'endure
What heav'n's chastising hand shall lay upon us.
But, can it be, while this frail flesh confines us?
While the imprison'd soul participates
Whate'er its weak companion undergoes!
E'er we can reach perfection, we must shake
The body off. Then the expanded soul
Pluming her wings, may take her airy way
Thro' yonder worlds of light, till she arrives
Where the eternal source of all inhabits,
And treads th' infinity of boundless space.
Our faculties enlarg'd, may, then, discern
The hid decrees of heav'n; nor shall we question
But all is fitting, reas'nable, and just.
But see, the spoiler comes that has undone me.



S C E N E VII.

Amasis and Pfammenitus.

Ama. Confusion seizes me. Is that my son?—
M *Pfam.*

Psam. My heart is full, but I must speak. [*aside.*
My father.

Ama. To call me by that soft, endearing name
Is to proclaim me monster thro' the world.

Can't thou endure the sight of me? methinks
The *Basilisk*, that deadly foe to life,
Is less to be avoided than thy father.

Psam. There was a time, when you were th'
only joy,

The pride and pleasure of my wishing eyes;
T' embrace your knees, prostrate to pay my
duty,

And to receive a blessing from my father,
Was once, the great ambition of *Psammenitus*.

But now the poinant injuries I feel
Rise in my soul, and sting me, e'en to madness;
Make me exchange the tender name of parent,
And curse thee for a tyrant, monster, ravisher!

Ama. 'Tis well, ye gods; yes, ye immortal
pow'rs,

'Tis just, that my own offspring thus shou'd
blast me.

Since I have pluck'd up nature by the roots,
And broke the chain of order,
Confusion, as the consequence, must follow:
Nor will I shink, but bear and feel my mis'ry,
Till heav'n's vindictive hand shall scourge no more.
Go on then, son; on this devoted head
Pour all the curses, fury, and despair,
Or frenzy can suggest.

Psam. Think on my wife!

If thou'rt not dead to conscience, fear'd with guilt,
Think on the violation of my bed;

Think

Think on unnatural incest ; that's a sound
Shall make thee shudder, till thy startling soul
Shall beg of heav'n for its annihilation.

Ama. Bring not that image back to my remembrance.

Was hell to gape, and open to the centre ;
Were all the damn'd in terrible array
To range themselves before me—loosen'd nature
From its great axis to be quite unhing'd ;
Did element on element make war,
Till all shou'd in one general wreck be crush'd,
It wou'd not daunt me, like that dreadful thought.

Psam. Art thou awaken'd ? — does it gall
thee too ?

By heav'n, 'tis well—then surely thou may'st guesse
What torments and despair thou'st heap'd on me.

Ama. I've plung'd thee into ruin—yes, my son,
'Tis thus thy father's bounty does reward thee
For all thy soldier's toils—for all the blood
Which thou hast lavish'd in thy country's service ;
Strike then, it is but justice—strike—one blow
Wou'd give thee vengeance, and rid me of pain.

Psam. What hast thou said ? Oh, thou hast
quench'd my rage,
Disarm'd me of my fury, with that word ;
What, in my father's blood to bathe my hands ?
Lave out the precious stream, that feeds the
fountain

Of my own life ?—Oh horrid, horrid thought !
Thou might'st as well have bid me stab at *Jove*.
When the assembl'd gods are all in council.
Still thou'rt my father—tho' thou hast undone me.
Pardon the fallies of unguarded frenzy :

Here let me kneel, here weep, till I'm forgiven.
[*kneels.*

Ama. (raising him.) Ha! dost thou kneel?—
rise, or this fight will kill me.

Good heav'n, what piety have I destroy'd?
What filial virtue has this madman ruin'd?
Oh, I have blasted quite the golden hopes
Of a whole people, on his looks they hung,
Taking a sure presage of halcyon days,
When I'm no more remember'd, swept away
To that dark land, where all things are forgotten.
Infernal lust, when thou possessest man,
Thou turn'st him to a wild, infatiate fury.
Oh had I not been lost, by heav'n abandon'd;
Cast reason and reflection quite behind me,
The fraudulent guile that lurk'd in *Mardian's* breast,
Like an abortive birth, in embryo stifl'd,
Had never reach'd the light.—

Psem. *Mardian!* — I'm stunn'd —

Ama. His hellish arts prevail'd on weak *Ar-baces*

(Whom you incens'd, by giving to his rival,
The valiant *Phocias* his belov'd *Mandane*)
And drew him to conspire his master's ruin.
Th' ungrateful *Nitas*, whom my bounty fed,
And rais'd from nothing; by that treach'rous
villain

Was wrought to let the *Perſian* slaves escape:
The black rebellion that was rais'd last night,
Which sent you far from *Miriana's* arms;
When I, with raging lust and envy fir'd,
Fell in the traytor's snare;
All was the curſt contrivance of that serpent,
Whose

Whose deadly sting lay hid within my bosom,
Beneath the semblant shew of cordial love.

Arbaces, whom remorse and anguish tortur'd,
Inform'd me of the whole.

Psam. Pernicious slave !

Oh ye avenging gods ! with rapid force,
Dart on the traytor's head, thick-flashing
light'ning,

Follow'd by thund'r's all-destroying rage,
And sweep this monster from the verge of earth.
Quick plunge him down into the lowest hell,
That he may feel immortal agonies,
And groan out an eternity in anguish.

Ama. E'er this he has receiv'd the dire reward
Of all his treasons, if the rack can give it.

Psam. Henceforth, let none in friendship e'er
confide ;
The bond of gratitude, of trust, and faith,
Is broken now, and ne'er again can close.

Ama. Come near, *Psammenitus*, my dissolution
Approaches swiftly—I shall soon be gone.
Yet, e'er I die, let me embrace thee, prince,
And ask forgiveness of the gods and you.

Psam. Help ho ! — great *Amasis* expires this
moment.—

My emperor—my father—oh look up,
And bless your wretched offspring !

S C E N E



S C E N E VIII.

Amasis, Psammenitus, and Phanes.

Ama. Oh, my son! —

Psam. Support him gently, *Phanes*. — How convuls'd

The manly features are! — his deaden'd eyes,
That darted rays of majesty around,
Are sinking in their sockets.

Pha. What means this?

Death in triumphant state reigns all around us.
Ent'ring but now, the apartment of *Arbaces*,
My eyes encounter'd such a dreadful sight
As struck me chill with horror! — In his blood
Lifeless he welt'ring lay — his half-clos'd eyes
Star'd ghastly, dead and motionless upon me;
I search'd the chamber, but cou'd find no weapon,
Which makes it seem, as if some ruffian hand
Bereft him of his life.

Ama. He is at peace.

Th' enquiring hand of heav'n, that searches out
Th' offences of mankind, found him attoning
(By strictest penitence) for all his crimes.

Can you forgive me yet, *Psammenitus*?

My soul will droop, and hang its heavy wing,
Nor can I face th' all-judging pow'r above,
Till your according goodness seals my pardon.

Psam. May heav'n befriend my soul, at my
last gasp,
As I forgive my dying king and father.

Ama.

Ama. Psammenitus, I thank thee — mercy —
heav'n ! [dies.]

Psam. Dead, *Amasis*? — well hast thou led
the way ;

And lo, I follow thee ! [offers to stab himself.]

Pha. Hold, frantick prince.
Death has already had too large a feast :
Why shou'd we gorge him then ?

Psam. Who can bear life
Encompass'd with irreparable Evils ?
My friend, who had my soul within his bosom,
In whom I trusted, basely has betray'd me :
My father dead of mere remorse and shame ;
And to sum up the total of my mis'ries,
That which devours and swallows up the rest ;
My wife, e'er I had tasted hymen's joys,
Ravish'd—destroy'd—distain'd by brutal lust.
What comfort have I left me now but vengeance ?
Yes, I will glut my eyes with *Mardian*'s pangs ;
His painful groans, like musick, will refresh me ;
His dying agonies shall make me smile.



S C E N E IX.

Psammenitus, Phanes, and Sethon.

Pha. See, *Sethon*, who attended his last hours.
By this, my lord, the wretch must be no more.

Seth. How far does man extend his monstrous
crimes,
Loos'd from religion's guidance and restraint ?
The shocking imag'ry will ever dwell,

And

And fix itself upon my trembling soul.
 But oft 'tis seen, the insolent offender,
 Tho' boldly impious in the days of health,
 When justice dooms him, spiritless, and funk,
 He perisheth, without regard or pity.

Psam. Is then the villain dead?—

Seth. He is, my lord.—

And at th' approach of death, despair and anguish

Seiz'd, like a sudden earthquake, all his frame.
 His trembling limbs confess his inward horror.
 That supercilious port; that haughty mien
 Which once distinguish'd him, and swell'd his pride
 Above the proudest of the sons of men;
 Had now forsook him, and to fell remorse,
 And conscious guilt, he seem'd a wretched prey.

Psam. Well, with his dust I war not—let him rest.

Ha! who comes here? O strange and dreadful sight!

Do I yet bear this loathsome life about me?
 Or wander in dark caverns underneath,
 And meet the gliding ghost of *Miriana*?



S C E N E the L A S T.

Miriana enters to them distracted, attended by her women.

Mir. Hearn!—he'll come—but soft be sure—
 he'll make no noise!

Let not the king know of our marriage, *Iras.*

Oh

Oh thou dear loit'rer!—wherefore do you stay?
 See!—look!—our bridal bed's adorn'd with white,
 Pure as our innocence—what—*Amaſis*!
 Rape! murther! rape!—where, where's *Pſam-
 menitus*?

Oh! are you come at last.—I'll hug you close;
 And well revenge me for this tedious abſcence.

[*Throws her arms about his neck.*

Pſam. Oh my soul's only comfort—let me ease,
 Let this embrace heal thy distemper'd mind.

Mir. O shelter me—save, save me from the
 ravisher!

Snatch him, ye furies, instant from my sight.
 Tear him to pieces.—Drag him to your dens
 He's gone—away—off—let me follow him,
 That I may rouse the furies to revenge
 And heap fresh horrors on his tortur'd spirit.

Pha. Kind heav'n grant ease to her afflicted soul.

Pſam. She's going, friend—the fire of life is
 spent.

Mir. Oh my lov'd lord—the hand of death
 has feiz'd me.

Yet let not my pollutions blot me quite
 From thy dear memory.—Stain'd as I am;
 Heav'n knows my unconsenting soul is free;
 'Twas rapt with thine—'till *Mardian*'s impious
 arts

Divided us—farewel—*Pſammenitus*—

A dreadful gloom has spread itself around,
 My eyes are darken'd, now—their light is out.—

[*dies.*

Pſam. She's dead, alas! the sun of beauty's set:
 And now the world, to me, is one dark vale;

N

Where

Where I have long, bewilder'd, lost my way,
And sought the paths of happiness in vain.

Seth. O prince, these heavy, these severe afflictions

Wou'd tempt us to arraign the laws of providence,
And tax the justice of th' eternal gods.

But, as pure gold is purg'd of its allay,
And comes out brighter from the searching fire ;
So virtue shines with most resplendent lustre
Surrounded with misfortunes and calamities.

Psam. I weep not, *Sethon* ; yet I cannot boast
With *Stoicks*, an insensibility.

He must be surely more, or less, than man,
That can endure, without severest pangs,
And poinant agonies, such mortal sorrows.

But heav'n's inscrutable in all its ways !
And human knowledge never can explore
The dispensations of eternal pow'r ;
If you with peace and pleasure wou'd be crown'd,
Let ev'ry passion keep its destin'd bound ;
For virtue's thorny path will ever safe be found.]

4 AP 54

End of the fifth Act.





P O E M S.

The COMPLAINT. An Epistle to his Grace Charles Duke of Somerset.

Orgive, great *Somerset*, the trembling
muse,

F Who fears to sing, lest thou her
song refuse.
Feign wou'd she tell, what, in de-
fective (a) prose,

In vain I've urg'd, my suff'rings, and my woes.

Next to your spiral turret, that surveys
What pious times did to the *martyr* raise;
An house (a very little one) there stands;
It is not half so big as poet *Vans*. (b)

N 2

There

(a) A Petition sent to his grace last summer.

(b) See Dr. Swift's *Miscellanies*.

There lately *Grubstreet* authors might you spy,
 Unless *Arachne* hid them from the eye,
 Expos'd to sale: foremost stood *Ogilby*. }

C—r, whose tinkling *Birth-day* rhimes declare
 That he can gingle, without senſe or care,
 Stood next to *H—y*, contumacious *priſt*!

Who of the church that bred him, makes a jeſt.
O—n here, and Mother *Osborne* lay,
 In this *Asylum* hid themſelves from day.

Here grew the Poppy o'er *G. J—b's* brow,
 And *Dunciad* heroes might have ſlept 'till now,
 But home-bred faction, and domestic ſtrife,
 Sever'd old (c) *Greg* from his too youthful wife.

This house, my Lord, I took, 'cause there's a
 garret

To rhyme in, quaff ſmall beer, and rail at claret.
 But while the workmen did the cieling plaifer,
 Your Grace's ſteward comes; moft dread diſaſter,
 Tears up the floor, unweildy props he rears
 In ev'ry room, not my lov'd garret ſpares;
 Asks if I'd have the turret fall to crush me?
 (Ill fortune ſure to take this house did push me.)
 Amaz'd! confus'd! I thus expoſtulate,
 The house is mine, leafe drawn, ſtrange turn
 of fate!

Shall pow'r (unjuſtly) take away my right?
 For leafe to enter here, how came you by't?
 Thus went I on, when, with a ſharp rebuke,
 At once I'm ſilenc'd: know you not the *Duke*?
 Dispute it with his *Grace*—there's no contending.
 But pray what time will it require in mending?

What

(c) The late master of the ſhop.

*What time? the Duke will do it at his pleasure:
The rich, you know, to mind the poor han't leisure.*

Thus for twelve moons, to me twelve tedious
years,

Alternately possest with hopes and fears,
In vain I've waited; rent still running on,
Gods! need a Poet haste to be undone?
*Ye Belles and Beaux, whom (d) Bath, or Spa, or
Bristol,*

Or Pyrmont waters drain of many a pistole:

Ye customers to (e) Dr. Anodyne

For pills and lozenges, O mix with mine
Your friendly tears, we'll deluge till our streams
Shall wash those barb'rous props into the thames.

But soft, O muse, no more of wrongs complain,
To Seymour, sure, thou can't not cry in vain.

In him, hereditary virtues shine;
(Virtue's inherent to his noble line.)

His soul's unbias'd, firm to honours laws;
His country's good, his glory, and applause.
His heart disdains the injur'd to oppres;
He need but know, most certain to redress.
Ev'n now, he sympathises with thy grief,
And his known justice soon will send relief.

To

(d) That shop has been noted many years for the sale of those waters.

(e) His pills were sold there.



To Mr. POPE.

Occasion'd by reading his Essay on Man,
and the Letters which passed betwixt
him and the late Bishop Atterbury when
the Bishop was in the Tower.

WHO can forbear the tempting task to praise,
Tho' in feint numbers, your immortal lays?
Hail greatly favour'd of th' inspiring nine,
On whom Apollo's rays so strongly shine.
You can our passions at your will engage,
Raise in our bosoms, pity, love, or rage.
Not the fam'd Stagyrite cou'd higher soar,
Or with more strength great nature depths explore:
Man thou hast taught us, shou'd from pride be free,
Not boast his reason 'gainst infinity.
The first almighty mind that form'd the whole,
Then into dust infus'd the living soul:
Can that be fathom'd by a thing finite?
As easy darkness may out-blaze the light.
Our modern reas'ners, with their utmost skill,
Prove only this, that their own system's ill.
For till the clay can make the potters hand,
Th' eternal laws of providence must stand.
Who, Milo-like, attempts to break that chain,
With Milo must in the bold act be slain.
Go on, great poet, let free-thinkers rage;
Let H——y still defame thee, on his stage.

Go

Go on, and teach us what we want to know,
That pride to *man*, is a destructive foe.
The friends to virtue, thou art sure to gain,
And (tho' but few) they shine a glorious train.
That those are thine, thy late *epistles* shew,
Where from the heart each syllable does flow.
In that sweet intercourse 'twixt friend and friend,
With pleasure, honest minds, themselves unbend.
If joy transport us, *they* the blessing share,
If grief, tho' absent, they can drop a tear.
Our sympathising *souls* at distance join ; }
Tho' *prison walls* the *body* shou'd confine,
Yet *they* may meet, like ROCHESTER's and thine. }
O name for ever sacred, ever dear !
Who on his fate can think, without a tear ? }
When on the moving page I turn my eyes,
Where you take leave, and tenderly advise, }
My soul sends forth, involuntary sighs.
Who can describe your undissembl'd woes,
The heart-felt pang that in your bosom rose ;
When he, an exil'd stranger, hence was driven ?
(Tho' now, a blest inhabitant of heaven :)
Religion then, and learning lost a friend ;
(Curst faction must it ever *England* rend.)
But ah, in vain, we now, his loss deplore ; }
Since seas of tears cannot that loss restore,
The good to him shall go, but he return no }
more.



An ODE for the GRAND KHAIBAR.

M. DCC. XXXIV.

Vive tuo, Frater, tempore, vive meo. Mart.

I.

SOCIAL good-humour, sweet and free,
 The soul of all *society* ;
 Of thee possess'd, what need we more ;
 Thou art thy self a mighty store.
 Thy praise shall ever be my song ;
 What joys to *friendship* do belong !
 Union and peace with KHABR'ITES move
 Like the harmonious orbs above ;
 For these the KHAIBAR fam'd shall be,
 'Till time gives place t' eternity.

CHORUS.

Gay mirth and freedom here our hearts unite,
 To scenes of joy *each brother* we invite,
 Such is the happy lot of ev'ry KHAIBARITE. }

II.

Man was unbless'd in paradise,
 'Till woman from *him* took her rise ;
 Forlorn he wander'd *Eden* thro'
 Nor social joys, nor *friendship* knew :

But

But when the mother of mankind
Appear'd, she charm'd his god-like mind :
Instant did Heav'n their souls unite,
And ADAM (the first KHAIBARITE)
O'er that best gift enamour'd hung,
And love, and joy, unloos'd his tongue.

CHORUS.

Then sweet *society* at first began ;
Society ! that glads the heart of man,
And lengthens human life beyond its destin'd
span.

This day in latest *annals* known,
Shall shine distinguish'd by the throne,
To BRITONS, and to CAROLINE
For ever sacred, still divine !

* NASSAU augments the royal race
With ANNA join'd ; let ev'ry face
Be crown'd with joy, let KHAIBARITES
Pursue their *annual* free delights ;
Concord and *friendship* ever reign,
And murmur ring *Envoy* pine in vain.

CHORUS.

FREE MASONs e'er creation boast their rights ;
But humbler WE, whose thoughts soar no such
heights
Own ADAM for the fire of all true KHAIBARITES.

O

An

* This Year, the Prince of ORANGE was married to the PRINCESS
ROYAL of England.

An ODE for the GRAND KHAIBAR:
M. DCC. XXXVI.

I.

NOW brothers, we're met, let's salute the
good day
That convenes us in friendship together.
Devoted to mirth let all care be away,
Nor none bring Anxiety hither.
At precedence and state the ambitious may aim,
And lifted by pride, scorn their neighbours;
The *brotherhood* here, do those vices disclaim,
'Tis *freedom* unites the GRAND KHAIBARS.

II.

The pleasures of life do most surely subsist
In a friendly converse with each other:
May KHAIBARITES enlarge their still growing *list*,
Till a thousand shall hail us with *brother*.
Society forms and embellishes man;
The world were a desert without it:
Good *fellowship* then, shall improve life's short
span,
The cynical only do flout it.

III.

III.

If happy you'd be, or be easy, or gay,
 'Tis here that those blessings all center;
 Here's what will make age look as blooming as
May;

See *Bacchus* in triumph does enter!
 His train of attendants bear bottles of port,
 The generous juice will inspire us;
 The wisest of mortals to *him* make their court.
 His treasures alone are desirous.

IV.

The table is crown'd; let the full flowing glass
 Move briskly, to stint it is folly;
 To th' immortal, GRAND KHAIBAR, around let
 it pass,

While here we sit social and jolly:
 Our joys thro' the universe loudly we'll tell,
 Great *Fame*'s vocal trump shall be sounded;
 The world must acknowledge that WE of the
 BELL,
 Are th' only true KHAIBARITES founded.

V.

So antient our order, no *Gormagon* can
 Contend with us. Like the WELCH nation,
 When time was but young, the GRAND KHAI-
 BAR began,
 While yet there was no high BORLACIAN.
 Then

Then let us commem'rate St. DAVID's blest
morn,
The whitest in all this soft season :
On this glorious DAY was QUEEN CAROLINE
born ;
Our *loyalty* squares with our reason.

VI.

Hark ! the master now strikes the sweet sounding
lyre,
What magick's in *music*'s sweet numbers :
Our souls they command, noble actions inspire.
Ev'n frency they calm into slumbers !
Then all in the *chorus*, let's heartily join ;
Health, honour, and peace to the KHAIBAR ;
United we'll live, all our hearts shall combine,
While happiness still crowns our labour.



An ODE for the GRAND KHAIBAR.
M. DCC. XXXVII.

— *Generosum & Lene requiro,*
Quod curas Abigat — Horat. Lib. I. Epist. 15;

I.

COME let us be merry, good-humour'd and
gay,
Behind us cast trouble and sorrow ;
Let wine, mirth and freedom, employ us to day,
Dull thinking reserve for to-morrow.

Then

Then KHAIB'RITES be jovial, this festival crown
With *friendship*, with joy, and with pleasure;
Let none of us here, wear a *cynical* frown;
For *brotherly* love is a treasure.

II.

In social enjoyments the KHAIB'RITES delight;
No longer can life be desirous
Then whil'st in good offices, all do unite,
And *friendship* and *love* do inspire us.
Such pleasures as these the ambitious ne'er taste,
Nor meet on the *SQUARE* like the KHAIBARS,
Life is but to them a starv'd *Tantalus*' Feast,
Who pine at the lot of their neighbours.

III.

Here * *beauty*, and *order*, and *friendship* combine,
To raise the delight of each brother;
Fidelity does with *constancy* join,
Uniting us firm to each other.
No discord, or jarring, the KHAIBRITES e'er
know.
In *harmony* we meet together;
We're friendly to all, who can then be our foe?
Or how can fell Anger come hither?

* The usual Healths of the *Grand Kbaibar*.

IV.

IV.

We boast not, 'tis true, to be *Pre-adamites*,
 To *Masons* we leave such vain fancies ;
 I'the clouds is their origine, so are their rites ;
 They're heroes of their own romances.
 But we of the KHAIBAR those fables despise,
 We deal not in such speculations ;
 With truth we're contented, we broach not
 strange lies,
 Tho' swallow'd by men of all nations.

V.

This DAY to true BRITONS will ever be dear,
 And shine with great lustre in story ;
 It gave us a QUNEEEN, who makes *England* her
 Care,
 And studies to keep up its glory.
 Then let the full bumper go chearfully round,
 To CAROLINE and the GRAND KHAIBAR ;
 There's nought but good fellowship here to be
 found,
 Each one wishes well to his neighbour.



ON THE

Sickness and Death

Of her LATE

Most SACRED MAJESTY.

THE QUEEN *diseas'd!* Behold how ev'ry eye
Is fill'd with tears: All to the Temples fly,
Imploring heav'n the great, and good, to spare,
To heav'n their vows are made, they pierce
the air:

A weeping people sends one universal prayer.
A nation kneels, but kneels, alas! in vain,
Inexorable death asserts his reign.

O bright exemplar! In whose life was seen
That virtue adds a glory to a QUEEN.
The pomp of pow'r may strike a vulgar mind;
She us'd it, only to be just, and kind.

In her, *Distress* was sure to find a friend;
Her *Charity*, to *All*, she did extend.
Her secret bounty thousands did sustain:
To her, true worth was never known in vain.

Smiling

Smiling she met the bitter stroke of death,
 And scarcely sigh'd, when she resign'd her breath;
 The sons of art their utmost pow'r display'd,
 And the whole force of medicine was essay'd,
 Dauntless she bore excruciating pain,
 And arm'd with piety, did not complain.
 To heav'n resign'd, on faith's feraphic wing
 Her soul flew up to the almighty king.

MS. A. 1. 10. v. 2

THE SACRED HISTORY
 FINIS.

AP 54



galliard

